Vol. XCIX.—No. 1286

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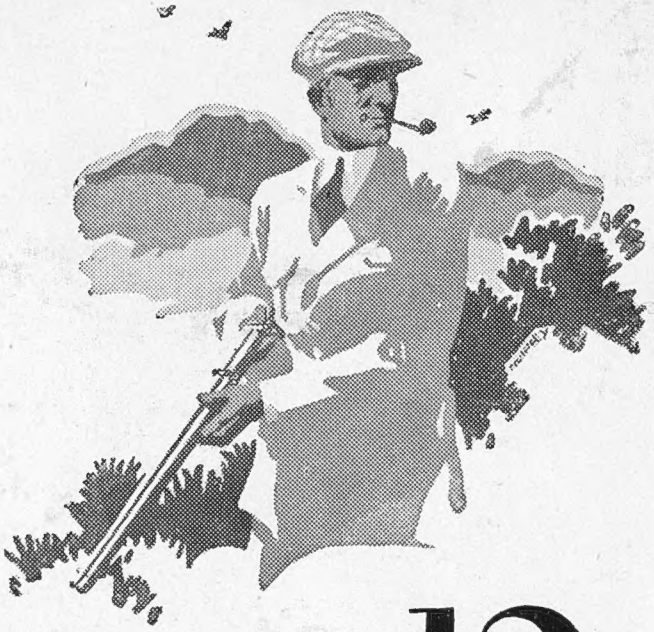

August 12th

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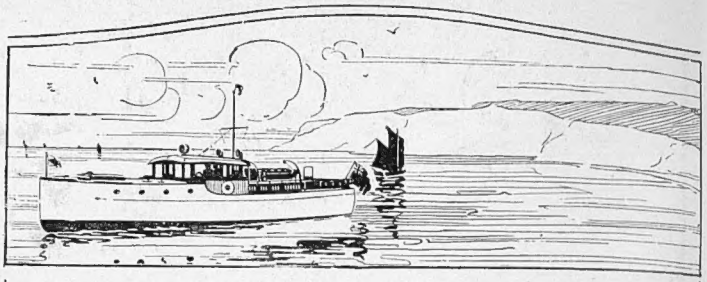

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The Bystander, August 8, 1928 No. 1286. Vol. XCIX

The BYSTANDER

A BIT BREEZY

BY RICK ELMES

A Family Portrait from Sussex

Miss Cowpton Collier

LADY FOLEY

And her little son, Lord Foley, who is the eighth baron and succeeded to the title last year. Lady Foley is the daughter of Mr. Harry Greenstone, the South African mineowner. She and her son live at Westbrook, Meads, Eastbourne

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Cowes

IT used to be a moot point as to which excited the ex-Kaiser's envy the more—Cowes Week or the British Navy. At any rate, he envied us both of them, and set to work to create a German Cowes at Kiel and to create a German Navy. He succeeded better with the Navy than he did with Kiel.

The atmosphere of Cowes Week cannot be created. It is an indescribable something that has grown and grown with the years. I remember an American once saying to me, as we stood looking at the long line of yachts, with the *Victoria and Albert* and its guardian battleship, and the line of shore as trimly kept as the deck of one of the yachts:—

"I don't know why, but all this gives me exactly the same impression as the lawn of an Oxford college. I suppose it's because it looks as if it's been here since ever!"

I knew exactly what he meant. Although the larger number of yachts depart after the great Week is over, both they, the Squadron, and the shore make up a spectacle which you can see in no other country—a spectacle which, as the American said, suggests that they have all been there "since ever."

Bertram Park

LADY FRANK

A recent photograph of the charming wife of Sir Howard Frank, who takes a prominent part in the life of Cowes Week. Sir Howard owns "Norada," and Lady Frank shares his enthusiasm for yachting

Douglas

A HOSTESS FOR COWES

Mrs. Gerard Leigh, who is entertaining for Cowes. Her husband, Capt. Gerard Leigh, has rented for a time Beaulieu Abbey, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's picturesque home in the New Forest

I know of no other place so carefully kept. An irreverent person once remarked that he was convinced housemaids scrubbed the landing-stages and dusted each blade of grass every morning.

To the King, Cowes is certainly the happiest week in the year. As all the world knows, His Majesty is a keen sailor, and enjoys nothing so much as racing in his *Britannia,* which, despite many rumours to the contrary, will be in all the big contests this season.

The Queen does not share the King's love of the sea, and whilst the King is in the *Britannia* Her Majesty lands from the *Victoria and Albert* and takes motoring excursions about the Island—excursions which generally include visits to antiquity shops and tea with old friends and acquaintances.

More Yachts than Ever

THIS year there are more yachts than ever at Cowes, and all the big houses round about have been let except Solent Lodge, where the late Elizabeth Marchioness of Ormonde lived after her husband's death. Some people have a house as well

A UNIQUE COMING-OF-AGE PARTY *Photopress*

Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell photographed with the guests whom they entertained at their home, Paxhill, Bentley, in Hampshire, to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of the foundation of the Scout movement. The invited guests were the survivors of a party which camped on Brownsea Island with Sir Robert in 1907, this camp being the seed from which the Scout movement grew

Dennis Moss

AT CIRENCESTER

Lady Durand presenting the Phillipi Cup to Mr. A. Price, captain of the Warren's Gorse team at Cirencester Polo Club. Warren's Gorse beat Cleeve Hill in the final

as a yacht. For instance, the Hon. Ernest and Mrs. Guinness will use Thornhill, the house left to Mr. Guinness by his father, the late Lord Iveagh, for their guests, whilst they themselves will be on *Fantome II.* Colonel and Mrs. Gretton will divide their time between Oak Hill, which they have taken, and their yacht, the *Cariad.*

Other people who have taken houses are the Dowager Lady Glentanar, who again has Hamlet Lodge; Captain the Hon. Henry Denison and Mrs. Denison, once more tenants of Egypt House; Mr. George and Lady Cynthia Colville, who are at Norfolk House; Sir Thomas Glen-Coats, the vice-commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club, who has taken Lower Holmwood. Iona House, Upper Holmwood, Gothic House, and Belmore are also let.

This year the Duke of Sutherland is an absentee, having gone on his yacht, the *Sans Peur,* to Amsterdam for the Olympic Games; but amongst the fine yachts in the roadstead are the Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley's *Titania,* the Vice-Commodore, the Marquess Camden's *Yarta,* the Earl of Normanton's *Siren,* Sir Seymour King's *Heartsease.* Sir William Portal's *Valdora,* Senatore Marconi's *Elettra,* Mr. Lionel de Rothschild's *Rhodora,* and Sir Charles Allom, the Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club's *Oceana.*

They say there are more yachts in commission this year than in any year since the War.

Twice a Governor

IT is not generally known that Princess Beatrice's residence at Carisbrooke Castle during the visit of the King

ONLOOKERS AT COWDRAY PARK *Alfieri*

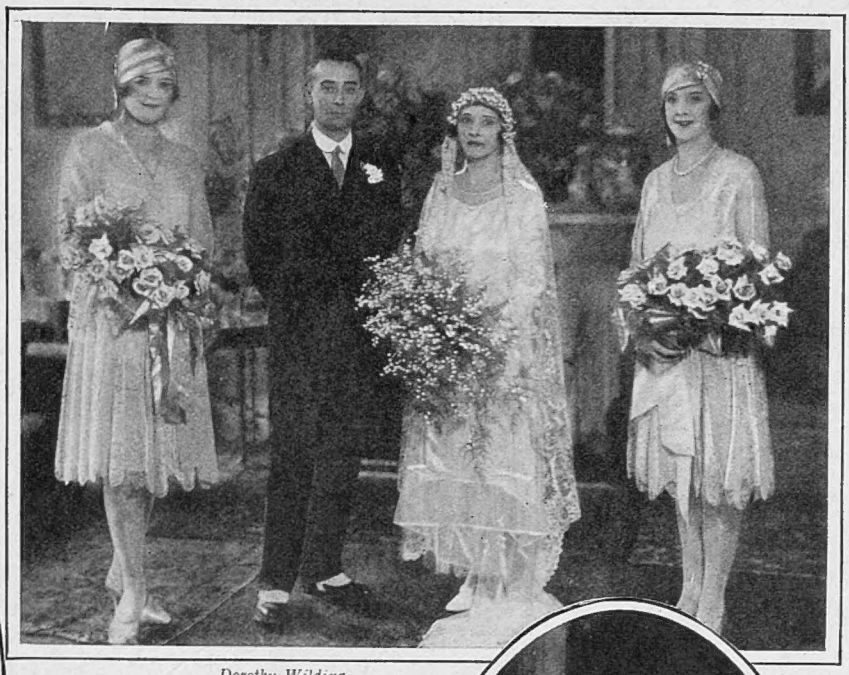
A group of spectators of the polo at the Cowdray Park Tournament. The photograph shows the Hon. Nancy Pearson (left), Lady Cowdray, the Hon. Judith Denman and the Hon. Mrs. Clive Pearson

to Cowes is part of her official duties as Governor of the Isle of Wight, a position to which she was appointed by King Edward. Princess Beatrice is the only woman in the kingdom who occupies such a position. The duties are far from being so nominal as they sound, and wherever she is the Princess keeps in close touch with all the Island affairs, invariably staying for at least three months in the year at Carisbrooke, which is her official residence, and of which she is also Governor.

Topical

A COUNTRY WEDDING

Capt. Sir Edmond Hodson, of the Rifle Brigade, photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Anne Adderley Cradock. The wedding took place at St. Andrew's Church, Sherborne St. John, Basingstoke



Dorothy Wilding

AFTER THE CEREMONY

The wedding group photographed after the marriage between Mr. Cecil Guy Ridley, younger son of the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Ridley and Lady Ridley, and Miss Cicely Debenham, the well-known musical-comedy actress. The wedding took place at St. Martin-in-the-Fields

FOUR SUMMER-TIME WEDDINGS

A WEDDING IN KENYA *Photopress*

The bridal party photographed at the wedding of Mr. Otho Lennox Browne and Miss Eva Joan Dening, daughter of Lady Dening, of Hampton Court Palace. The wedding took place at All Saints' Church, Limuru, Kenya Colony

Planet News

A SOCIETY MARRIAGE

Mr. Claude Lucas, only son of the late Sir Arthur Lucas, and Lady Lucas, photographed with his bride, formerly Miss Dorothy Hanbury-Williams, youngest daughter of Sir John and Lady Hanbury-Williams. The ceremony took place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Princess Beatrice gives great consideration to sightseers which is not usually accorded when any member of the Royal Family is in residence in a show place. Carisbrooke, historic because of its age and its having been the prison of Charles I before he was brought to London for his trial, attracts a large number of visitors every year; but its Royal Governor does not exercise her privilege of closing the Castle doors whilst she is living there. They are open all the year round. Princess Beatrice contents herself with a small garden, where she enjoys absolute privacy when the grounds are full of sightseers.

"St. Grouse Day"

THE reports as to the prospects for "St. Grouse Day" vary considerably. In the South of Scotland and North of England they are not over-promising, and at Bolton Abbey the birds are so few and in such poor condition that the King will not pay his annual visit to the Duke of Devonshire. Some disease seems to have attacked the birds early in the season.

In the North of Scotland, however, big bags are expected, and those who know these things prophesy that the people who have taken deer forests will have excellent sport. Stags, they say, are much plumper this year than usual, as, owing to the weather, they have had good feeding since early in April.

A Problem

THE cost of extra occasional labour in country districts is becoming an increasingly difficult problem for landowners and farmers. A friend of your Bystander had this experience recently. He wanted an extra man to help with the hay. A youth of seventeen presented himself, but calmly demanded "full labourer's pay" of a shilling and twopence an hour! When this was refused he departed without a word.

A day or two later a man came after the job, but

asked if he could begin work at ten o'clock each morning, offering to make up the time at the other end. This was, of course, impossible. Being curious as to the reason for this odd request, my friend made enquiry and discovered that this applicant was on the dole. He had to report to the Labour Exchange in a neighbouring town at nine o'clock every morning. His idea, obviously, was still to draw the dole whilst he did the hay-making—incidentally, doing some other man not upon the dole out of a job.

Things Being Equal

As we near so much in these days of the equality of the sexes—a fifty-fifty business all round—doesn't a girl who "forgets" to pay her debts to men place herself in exactly the same category as a man who does likewise? Several young people who had been spending a week-end at a country house returned to London by the same train on the Monday morning. A girl of the party asked one of the young men if he would take her ticket as she hadn't enough money, saying she would send him a postal order. The station was only thirty miles or so from London.

Despite the flapper vote and all the other equalities, the young man, naturally, was glad to assist femininity in embarrassment. But he has never received the postal order! Oddly enough, two other young men who had been asked to give similar assistance on similar occasions to this young woman and under the same promise, have never received the fares they paid.

F. W. Tassel and Son

WORDS OF COMFORT

One of the scenes from the Carlisle Historical Pageant, which was held recently. St. Cuthbert (Alderman A. Creighton, J.P.) comforts the Queen of Northumbria (Mrs. Fergus Graham) on learning of the death of the King in battle with the Danes. The Queen is attended by Ethelfreda (Lady Mabel Howard)

BEFORE THE JOURNEY *F. W. Tassel and Son*

Another scene in the Carlisle Historical Pageant. Edward I collapses before starting for Burgh, where he died, and is tended by the Duchess of Gloucester. The King is played by Canon T. Saunders and the Duchess by Mrs. Bowman

The Programme at Cowes

As Calshot has now become a seaplane base, the regatta of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club has been transferred from that place to Cowes. This was the opening event of the Week, and gave the King his first race of the season in the *Britannia*.

On Tuesday the annual club dinner, at which the King, as Admiral of the Squadron, is always present, took place at the Squadron Castle; and to-night there is Lady Baring's annual ball at Holy Trinity Parish Hall in aid of local charities, to which every yacht and every house always sends a full contingent. The Week officially ends on Friday with the Royal Town Regatta, but there will be racing on Saturday. On that day two memorial tablets, one to the late Duke of Leeds, Commodore, and the other to the late Mr. Thomas Pasley, secretary of the Royal Squadron, will be unveiled in Holy Trinity Church in the presence of members of the Squadron.

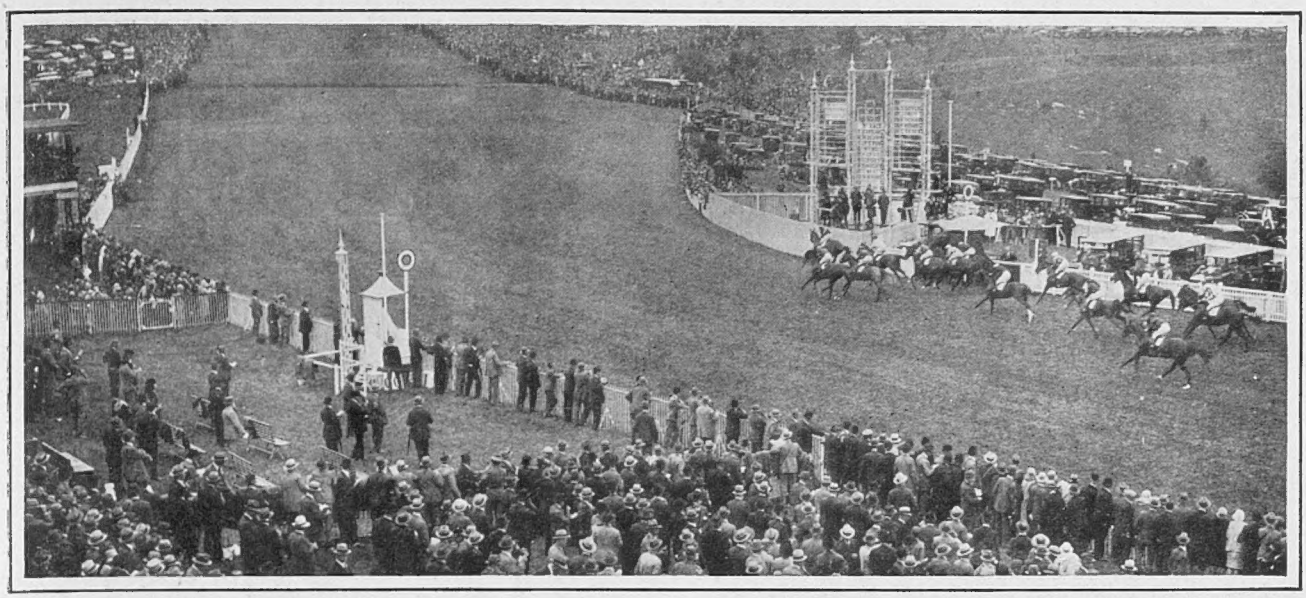
Very few of the yachts will take their departure until after the *Victoria and Albert* has gone to Portsmouth to disembark the King and Queen next Monday.

Parties to Goodwood

The Earl of Lonsdale invariably rents a house for the three great race meetings at Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster. This year for Goodwood he has taken Molecombe, near Chichester, which was for many years the home of the present Duke of Richmond, when he was Earl of March. Viscount and

DOG DAYS IN IRELAND *T. Bell*

A photograph taken at the Chester Gun Dog League's Seventh Field Trials for Pointers and Setters at Glengariff, Co. Antrim. The group shows Mrs. Gotto (left), Mrs. Patterson, with her Champion Irish Red Setter, Rhu Gorse, and Mrs. Gillespie, with her Pointer, Lady Daintre



Central Press

THE STEWARDS' CUP

A fine view of the field during the race for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. Lord Glanely's Navigator (G. Richards up) won by two lengths from Endowment. Priory Park, the favourite, made a bad start and was unplaced

Viscountess Cowdray had their annual party at Cowdray Park, with the famous polo matches every afternoon after the races.

Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten are not racing host and hostess as a rule, but Adsdean, their house near Chichester, gave them the opportunity for Goodwood.

The Duchess of Norfolk had a party at Arundel Castle; so had Lord Woolavington at Lavington Park; Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Norman at Ramster, Chiddingfold; Violet Lady Beaumont at Slindon, near Arundel; and Lord and Lady Leconfield at Petworth.

Amongst those who rented houses for the week were Lord and Lady Hillingdon, who took The Drovers, Singleton, and Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne, who took Halnaker House at Chichester from Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox, and Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. E. V. Sturdy entertained at West Dean Park, a house which has an historic interest because it was whilst staying there with Mr. and Mrs. "Willie" James that King Edward pressed an electric button which opened the doors of the first United Parliament House in Australia.

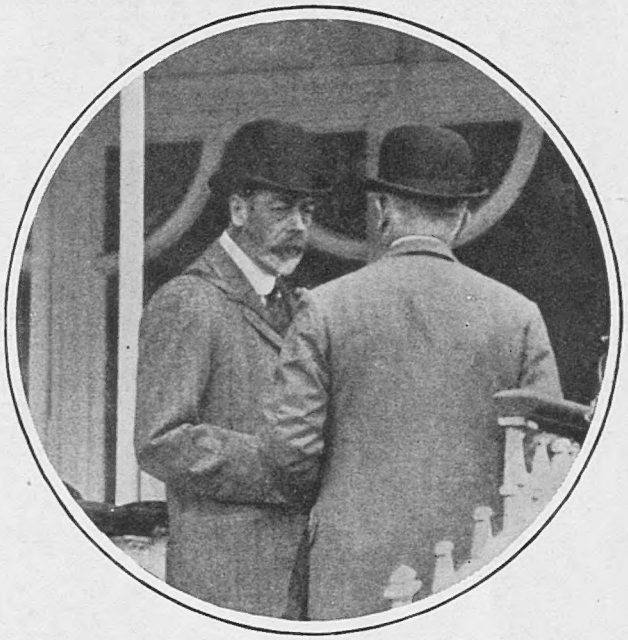
Lady Zouche and her husband, Sir Frederick Frankland, are another Sussex host and hostess. They entertained at Loxwood House, Horsham, which they took after Lady Zouche sold Parham, which had been in the Zouche family for centuries, to the late Lord Cowdray, who gave it to his second son, the Hon. Clive Pearson.

As I told you last week, Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles were the guests of the Earl and Countess of Bessborough at Stansted Park, Earl and Countess Beatty, Lord and Lady Stanley, and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville being amongst the guests invited to meet them.

There was one great innovation at Goodwood this year—a cocktail bar. Another change was the large increase in the number of private tents.

Lawn Tennis and the Hospitals

THE Third Annual Exhibition of Lawn Tennis Matches in aid of the League of Mercy for Hospitals was held at Baydon Manor, Ramsbury, Wiltshire, last Wednesday, August 1. The meeting was made possible by the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Woolland, the owners of Baydon Manor, and many international and Wimbledon players took part. The meeting enjoyed a very gratifying measure of success and benefited the funds of the League considerably.



ROYALTY AT GOODWOOD *Central News*

His Majesty the King photographed at the Goodwood Meeting. One of the most sensational races on the first day was the West Dean Selling Plate when On Avon came right up at the finish to win by a short head from Desert Sun

ARRIVING ON THE COURSE *Photopress*

Lord Chesham (left) with Miss McNeil and Mr. Peter Burrell arriving at Goodwood on Stewards' Cup day. Although the races were run under a grey sky, the meeting was as well attended as ever

Training Our Youth in the Right Lines:

WITH THE STAFF

Field-Marshal Lord Allenby photographed with some of the officers at the Public Secondary Schools Camp at Marlborough. Lord Allenby has this year become the President of the Public Secondary Schools Association

Photographs

A "LEAP" YEAR INCIDENT

A study of youthful vigour at the camp at Marlborough. The open-air life is a great incentive to high spirits and energy

WITH THE "IDDY-UMPTYS"

That the modern signalling sections move with the times is seen in the above photograph of officers of the Edward VI School, Stourbridge, testing sets. All the cadets in the section have passed the Post Office Test

The above photographs, taken at the Public Secondary Schools Cadet Camp at Marlborough in Wiltshire, graphically illustrate "holidays with a purpose," and that purpose is not to foster the militarist spirit, but to instil a respect for proper authority, succeeding in their objects is proved

Under Canvas with the Men of To-morrow

CON-TENTED!

A study in satisfaction seen at the entrance to one of the tents. The photograph was taken in Christ's College, Finchley, lines

RIGHT TO A TEA

A fatigue party returning far from empty-handed after a visit to the cookhouse. They are returning to the Selhurst School lines

"REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED"

Another "Dixie" land study in the lines at the Public Secondary Schools Camp at Marlborough. The fatigue party are obviously remembering to "pick it up tenderly, lift it with care," for spilling rations is a heinous offence

Sport and General

THE BRENTWOOD "BREAD LINE" GOING INTO ACTION

That a healthy outdoor life creates a healthy outsize appetite is proved by the Brentwood School Cadets. "Cookhouse" has sounded and, like the child in the old poem, they have "brought their little porringers"—or the military equivalent—"to eat their supper there." That the rationing leaves nothing to be desired is *very* obvious, judging by the smiles!

some aspects of the life under canvas as lived for a fortnight each year by many of our schoolboys. These camps are, indeed, a love of clean, healthy living and a sense of responsibility and initiative into the men of to-morrow. That these camps are by their increasing popularity

GETTING READY FOR PARADE *L.N.A.*

Members of Harrow O.T.C. in training at Mytchett Camp, Aldershot, pay proper attention to the "soldier's best friend." It is gratifying to see that they had an adequate supply of that often rare commodity, "four-by-two"

BATTALIONS OF YOUTH

By A. A. THOMSON

I HAVE recently savoured two pleasant delights; to be under canvas in August, and (still rarer joy), to be a boy again. In other words, I have spent a jolly, if slightly hectic, day with The Public Secondary Schools Cadet Association in their big camp on Marlborough Common. In such a camp those who are young are learning all the time, and those who are not so young are remembering . . .

"Get out o' bed! Get out o' be-ed!" blares the bugle. Somewhere a vigorous lad is puffing out rosy cheeks to sound the Reveille. Hordes of cheery faces come tumbling out from the long straight lines of bell-tents. What do we do first in the morning? With that instinctive English feeling for the cleanliness that comes next to godliness we are dashing down to the long line of zinc tubs where, with much splashing and sluicing, we rub the sleep from our eyes and return with faces shining as brightly as our buttons. Then to prayers, a simple service taken by the camp padre.

Another bugle. If there is one call that the old soldier remembers best and the young soldier learns soonest, it is Cookhouse. A delectable tune. Only the young and fit can understand how delectable the call to breakfast really is. Among my young friends I meet old friends; the chipped enamel mug ready for *cha;* the deep-bottomed, omnivorous plate, willing alike to receive soup, bully rissoles, or soul-satisfying "doorsteps" of bread and jam. (Will the jam—shades of Old Bill!—be plum-and-apple? Let us hope so, for old times' sake.)

A gallant charge towards the big mess-tents, where we sit at well-scrubbed tables in pleasant anticipation of *burgoo* (or army porridge), and (let us be hearty fellows while we are about it) kippers to come. The orderlies bring in the tea in dixies; not the old-fashioned, easy-going dixies that won the War, but tall, tight-lipped soldierly dixies of a new and almost embarrassing efficiency.

Morning parade at nine. Have I forgotten my squad drill? ("Back to the army again, sergeant . . .") If I have forgotten my *one, one-two* and other kindred matters, there are plenty of upstanding young N.C.O.s ready to brighten up my ideas. True, they lack the fierce waxed moustache and Olympian thunders of the sergeant-majors we loved (and feared) of old time, but what they lack in ferocity they make up in alertness. I should like to see the mustard that was half so keen. Marching and countermarching, manœuvring and deploying, we are ready for dinner at the end of the parade. We know (not merely in our bones) that we have earned it.

After stern work, recreation. They say a good soldier always knows the way to the canteen. If you are an innocent young "rookie," ask some grizzled veteran of fourteen—this will be his third camp—to show you. The wet canteen? Certainly. There is ginger-beer in plenty. At the moment, I believe, the run is on ice-cream cornets. All over the open spaces of the camp sports are going on. There is cricket and boxing; earnest young sprinters are practising for "the hundred," and even more earnest young gentlemen are punting a Rugger pill about.

This movement owes almost everything to a band of devoted soldier-schoolmasters who, after battling against financial difficulties and (at first) a certain coldness in official quarters, have carried on smiling towards complete success. They are more than delighted to welcome, as President of their Council, Field-Marshal Lord Allenby, whose speech at the opening of the camp was a gem of simplicity and sincerity. "To-day," he said, "I have made 2,000 new friends; next year I hope to have 2,000 old friends and many more new ones . . ."

The fortnight's camp, which culminates the year's work, is an ideal training for a boy. He will not be taught to be a clanking militarist or that modern warfare is fun. Those of us who saw the mud and blood of Flanders know too much of that. Only the wool-witted civilian talks of the glory of war. But the boy will learn much of the duties of citizenship, of the joys of physical fitness, and true comradeship. He will learn

"That the game is more than the player of the game,
And the ship is more than the crew."

VERY MUCH AT HOME *G.P.U.*

A group of members of the Eton O.T.C. extend a hearty welcome to their tent, although the gesture with the mallet may be open to misconstruction! They went into camp at Tidworth Park

Going Racing at Hurst Park

Some of those who attended the popular Summer Meeting at Hurst Park recently

British Illus.

LADY LAMBART AND LADY WODEHOUSE

British Illus.

LORD LASCELLES, LORD LONSDALE AND LORD RONALDSHAY

British Illus.

SIR WALTER GILBEY AND MRS. RAPHAEL

News Illus.

MISS LLOYD MOSTYN AND THE HON. IVY STAPLETON

Sport and General

THE MARCHIONESS CURZON AND SIR MATHEW WILSON

British Illus.

COLONEL L. COVENTRY AND MISS T. FAULKNER

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Sketches by Howard K. Elcock

Holiday Times

August is well into its stride. To those who are revelling in the joys of this friendly month by sea or moorland, greetings and felicitation. To those who, after a brief and blissful Bank Holiday, have returned (with tears) to their labours, sympathy. But not too much sympathy. If you are not obliged by the tyranny of custom or of school vacation to take your holidays in August, it probably means (a) that you have holidayed early to avoid the crush, (b) that you are waiting for golden September, or (c) that you are one of those enviable people whose year is one long holiday.

I Like It

Well, August is a jolly month. As the curate sang in the ancient song, *I like it.* The corn is turning to gold before our eyes. I can now walk round my garden in a paternal manner, feeling my Victoria plums gently between finger and thumb in a spirit of optimistic approval. Or I can run down to the sea for the week-end and watch the sunlight sparkling on the crested waves, or catch a glimpse of gleaming sails upon the horizon. White canvas quivers over blue waters. Before another week has gone by the sound of the guns will be heard on the moors. There is very little wrong with August . . .

A Sinister Occupation

Yet, with all these pleasant delights at my hand, I am not doing all the things I ought to be doing. To-day I am sitting by the sea on my inevitable deck-chair. On my knee is the (inevitable) writing-pad. If you (as an intimate friend) would care to look over my shoulder, you may see what I am writing. I am engaged in a sinister occupation. *" The shrill blast whirled over the moor, as, ploughing his way through the icy drifts, a solitary traveller staggered, knee-deep in snow, towards the door of the lonely inn. . . ."*

Duty Must be Done

Does that make you feel cooler? Do you envy my solitary traveller? (He ought, perhaps, to have been a solitary horseman, only then his boots would not have been so wet). No, I am not writing this because I cannot afford to buy iced lemonade. Stories for the Christmas Number must be finished in good time. Indeed, this one is late as it is. And if my solitary hero took as much interest in me as I do in him, he would notice (to his distress) that I am wearing a bathing costume. Nor does he know that in five minutes' time I am going to place him face downwards on the deck-chair and dive (ungracefully but with enthusiasm) off the end of yonder jetty. And as for the body in the haunted chamber of the lonely inn, it must wait till I have finished my dip.

Local Shows

While I am at home my farmer friends persist in dragging me off to local shows; not majestic, royal, agricultural affairs, but real village *tamashas,* where shire horses, dessert apples, saddle-back pigs, loganberries, babies and vegetable marrows are all pridefully exhibited in liberal profusion—as the little hymn says, *" side . . by . . side."* The Royal Agricultural Show is a solemn national institution, but the village flower show has thrills of its own.

The Fun of the Fair

Do you want to see gallant jumping and horsemanship of a type less orthodox than that seen at the Royal Tournament? Do you want to see Farmer Giles's Friesian bull which almost took a prize at Nottingham? Are you

in the running for a prize for cut sweet peas or early broccoli? Would you like to enter the competitions for honey, broad beans, table decoration or pound-cake? Will you join us (like a man and a Briton) in bowling for the pig? And will you slip away from your people afterwards and join us on the roundabouts? If you have never seen rural England on its village show day, you have not tasted life to the full.

Sing a Song of Cider

SUMMER brings from the Press its hardy annual crop of Hot Weather Hints. I forget what the favourite one is this year. "Don't dine at the Ritz in a bathing costume," perhaps. Or something like that. Doctors will tell you what to drink. They will even (in their insolence) tell you what not to drink. Though my Backwoodsman scorns cocktails and looks askance on beverages unconnected with honest English ale, he will allow me to praise cider. Let my second favourite poet praise it for me:

"The wine they want in Paradise
They find in Plodder's end,
The apple wine of Hereford,
Of Hafod Hill and Hereford,
Where woods went down to Hereford,
And there I had a friend."

That, my gentle and thirsty readers, was well said.

A Tragical Tale

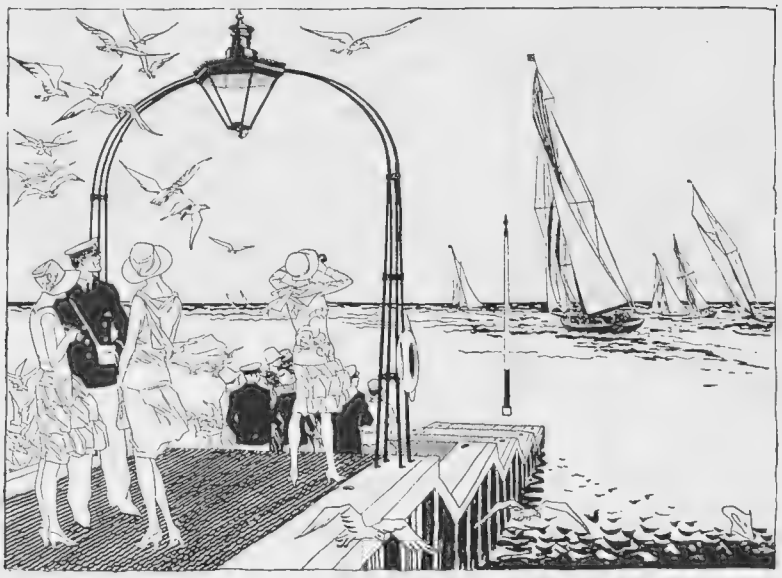
I HAVE a friend who, long ago, in the days when people really did do things like that, went for a cycling tour in high summer along the highways and by-ways of Devon. In the heat and dust of a scorching August afternoon he called at a lonely wayside cottage and, registering Thirst and Pathos, asked for a glass of cider. In due course a kindly (and whiskery) rustic brought him out an enormous mug brimming with a liquid elixir, a magical potion such as never in this mortal life had he tasted before. My friend says it tasted like nectar on Olympus and had a kick like a commissariat mule. His thirst quenched, he remounted his bicycle and, his head full of ecstatic visions, he free-wheeled down the hill. . . .

The Fairy Cider

WHEN he opened his eyes he was embracing a milestone, with the fragments of an ex-bicycle strewn around him. The milestone said (curtly): "Newton Abbot, 7." And, after the manner of milestones, offered no further information. From that day to this my friend has never found the enchanted cottage where he drank the magic cider, though he has sought for it for years, and he swears that he will remain a teetotaller until he finds that exact brand again. He will tell you about that cider with quivering voice and shining eyes. That is what I call an idealist. . . .

By David Wilson

THEIR "TWELFTH"—WHY "GROUSE"?



THE WEEK

By PENDARVES

WHAT a Season! What brilliancy of weather: what pageantry of people: what a sumptuous background London has provided in the regally inimitable way only she of all the cities in the world can offer her society. For a swiftly revolving cycle of three hectic months London has been the axle-pin of the gay world: an axle made of pure gold. Spain may have its languorous hothouse atmosphere, so alluring in its season: Parisians their sparkling climate which gives you a mental champagne bubble: the Berliners their Linden: the Venetians their rich dark blue mantle of silver star-pricked sky. But dear old, grey old London when it puts on its best summer clothes and brushes itself up and smiles a welcome to its patrons leaves all other cities standing still in the matter of solid, albeit conservative, festivity and *flair*.

But, of course, there comes a satiety—a restive longing to get away from the chink of ice-pails, the sonorous hoot of motor horns, the blare of dance orchestras, the banging of taxi doors. We need fresh air and flannels, and salt spray and spume, and a clear head at breakfast-time. And so, being an island folk, we seek the sea. But not precipitately. We are not suddenly unshackled from the nightly round, the common flask. We sneak away towards the sea *via* Goodwood where the horses are, and the hills, which have the scent of the salt sea in their rich heather backgrounds. And then yet one more and final WEEK takes us for its own.

Cowes has its WEEK. And hither drifts the whole world—or so it seems. And in respect of this week we show ourselves to be an absolutely unique nation in the matter of our fashionable pleasures. For there is the extreme of contrasts between the flamboyant brilliance of London in mid-July and the staid, Early Victorian simplicity of Cowes from the 6th to the 11th of August. The little grey stone Squadron headquarters is the acme of simplicity: and yet there isn't an English sportsman living who would not cherish the honour of membership, meted out to the very few. The four grey tiers of steps leading up to it from the blue-green water, they call "The Landing Stage," would be unnoticeable in their mediocrity were it not for the fact that just for one week they are trodden by the feet of the most fair and the most famous and the most conservative coterie of folk on earth. The town itself, except for its rather picturesque wooded background, you would say was almost drab in its externals if you came here when its WEEK had passed. America, of course, would laugh tolerantly but with the full throat at the little "quaint" hotels on the Front, standing to-day just as they stood in 1880 apparently. But they house a very plutocratic *clientèle* just now, which has booked its rooms months ago.

Cowes would not be nearly so originally and insularly attractive if great caravanserai were built here. Such a retrogression—yes, we should call it that—would be resisted strenuously not merely by the whole of the Isle of Wight, the most important place in Britain at the moment, but by the whole of yachting England: and the consolidated voices of the yachtsmen of England would echo across the world if those voices were ever raised in unison—an unheard-of contingency, by the way. And yet it is just that simplicity of setting to our most brilliant scenes which rouses a *furore* of enthusiasm to rise in American throats when they come here in their floating private palaces to study our eccentricities on the spot. A man arrived here the other day in a vessel that looked to me, from the little 40-tonner I was a guest in, like the *Berengaria*. I understand he had forty polo ponies stabled in the hull somewhere—*Gee!*

But like the young man who lived before these plutocrats' time, one of them, although he had great possessions, said to me Cowes made him "go away sorrowful." Naturally: for mere wealth cannot make a fair copy of the beauties of Nature and set them up artifically on any of the seven seas elsewhere. And look at the Cowes canvas this sunny August morning. Isn't it superbly lovely? The graceful white sails: the trim, cream-coloured yachts—looking quite inexpensive until you go aboard them, when you learn things. The multi-coloured human herbaceous border of watchers on the shore: the heterogeny of small craft scudding in and out everywhere: the fluttering flags: the sparkle of the sea.

And the seaside people of all this coastline, irrespective of class, have got a new holiday thrill this year in the Speed-boats. "Chris-Craft" they call them, because they contain a 120 h.p. Chrysler engine which goes "full out." For half a crown a time enterprising gentlemen at the helms of these leaping, water-crashing craft take you for a ten minutes' maritime speed stunt—out to sea, round in your own length at an angle of heaven knows how many degrees, "plonk, bang, zish" through the flung-away waters—the girl hanging on tightly and closely to you in the stern sheets—it's *marvellous!* The trouble is your half-crown *per capita* doesn't last long enough. What with the girl in the stern; and you; and great mountains of spray towering up to port and starboard as you cleave the ocean wave; and her mother right up in the bows intent on the safety of her own hat—and everything: it's an amazingly good egg is this speed-boating . . . No wonder they line up in queues for it: an adventurous nation, England.

Early Arrivals for the Week at Cowes

Alfieri

MR. PATRICK SEELY (left), SIR HENRY McMAHON, MISS KITTY SEELY, MRS. SCOTT, MAJOR-GEN. J. E. B. SEELY, AND MISS LOUE SEELY

Alfieri

MRS. BULKELEY-JOHNSTONE AND MRS. HAMMIL

Alfieri

SIR PHILIP HUNLOKE

Central Press

SIR WILLIAM PORTAL

Central Press

THE HON. ERNEST AND MRS. GUINNESS AND MR. BAKER

Before the Royal Regatta itself had started Cowes was already well filled with devotees, who come year after year for this greatest of all yachting meetings. His Majesty's "Britannia" started the week under the happiest auspices, as she was already flying a fine collection of winning pennants, gained in different regattas round the coast

F. Robinson

A CHARMING TRIO

Hyacinthe and Elizabeth, the two little daughters of Capt. and Mrs. Philip Gregson-Ellis, and grandchildren of Sir Marteine and Lady Lloyd. The "faithful hound" belongs to Mr. "Plum" Warner the famous cricketer

Femina

THAT EXPANDING BUSINESS

By CANDIDA

AUGUST, in spite of the superior people who ignore it, is like a glorified Sunday. Eleven months shalt thou labour, and in the twelfth have as much of a fling as you can afford, which needn't prevent anyone, superior or otherwise, from having their August at any time they please—or can. Hence, I suppose, the presence in town of lots of good people, though we're fairly into our second week of the year's Sunday. Such roads as aren't up are crowded, and not only with 'buses and charabancs and coaches and things, but with decent cars and equally decent people inside them. Where is the "desert" of other years? Perhaps it never was, except in the papers, where habits and customs flourish quite unrelated to life. Perhaps we're all waiting for the other people to go off first, hoping that after the crowds have crowded in somehow we shall have a lovely, spacious time with hardly anyone about, except perhaps a few nice, cultured beings like ourselves.

NO doubt it still happens in the papers. But in real life we're quite as likely as not to meet our best friend or worst *bête noire* in the Gobi desert, or the Sahara, or in mid-ocean, or mid-air, or at the Croydon aerodrome. There's no such thing anywhere as a lovely, spacious time now that everybody travels for pleasure, or health, or from force of habit, or because other people travel. It's very good, anyway, for hotel-keepers and railway companies and car manufacturers, to say nothing of the people who sell trunks, the new trunks that expand and contract and will hold, with equal efficiency, your airy nothings for a hot week-end or the trappings of the retinue of a full-blown Maharajah *en voyage*.

NO doubt it was a great invention, but is it altogether satisfactory, this one-man-one-box idea? My old inelastic friends, bristling with jolly labels and recollections, are stacked away in convenient places, and I can't bear to think that they're too old at—whatever they may be. True that I was always adding to them. Somehow one never has the right box for the right occasion. The thing you have is either too big or not big enough, too high or not high enough, too long or not long enough, too short or not short enough, too solid or not solid enough, too shabby or not shabby enough, etc. In the end one compromised if one wasn't well off, or rushed out and bought if one was. But this expanding business makes packing easy, or would make it easy if anything could.

"WHAT," you protest, "packing is a child's game with our nice sports clothes and glad rags and practically untrimmed hats." It is, but it's the quantity of them that complicates life. Everything must match down to the last button, and, though there are expanding frocks, like expanding boxes, they're mostly a bit of a snare. By expanding frocks I mean the four-in-one arrangements with tunics that turn into capes, and sleeves that come in and out, and other puzzles that make a difficult life more difficult. The one overworked hat that's supposed to go with the four or five phases of the same garment always looks tired of life long before its proper time. No; don't delude yourselves, you who haven't yet grappled with your packing. Five dresses, whether they're really five or five episodes of the one, always mean five hats.

IS that why the crowds who haven't yet left London all seem to be buying hats—hats in Oxford Street at something and eleven, hats in Bond Street at something guineas, hats for Scotland which cost a lot and look as unobtrusive as a man's, hats for Deauville and Le Touquet that look the part without overdoing it, which isn't easy—hats for everywhere. It's a humiliating thought, isn't it, that you can't leave the country for a honeymoon, or a pleasure trip (no sarcasm intended), or a secret mission, or a lecture tour, or anything without buying hats. Some women I've met never forsake their hats once they're out of England. I wouldn't mind so much if it were a becoming hat, but usually their friend on their holidays is the sort we keep for careless, frumpy days at home. No doubt theirs is the sort of soul that's above hats, and the reason why they wear them all the time is obscure.

Peter North

AT SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE

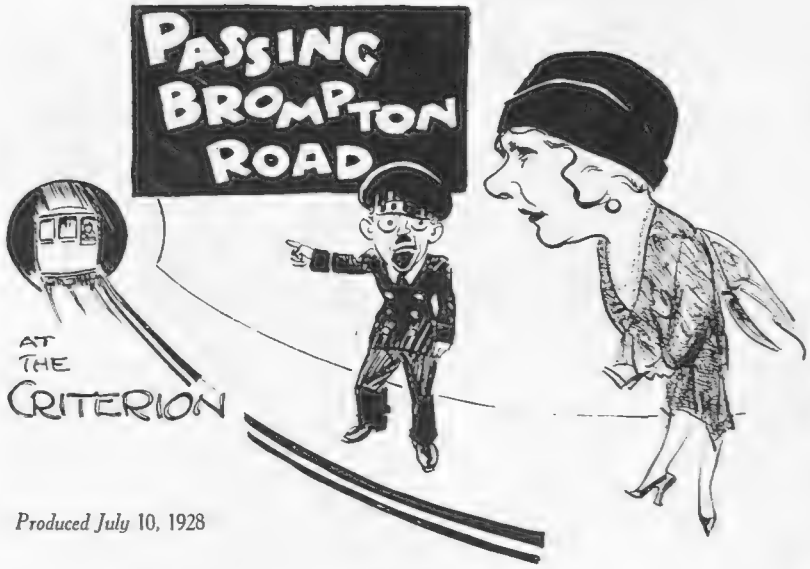
Miss Georgina Wynter as she appears in the part of Mistress Quickly in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" in the Stratford-upon-Avon Summer Festival. This Shakespeare Festival lasts to the middle of September

OFTEN I've longed for that kind of soul when grappling with my boxes and the things they wouldn't or couldn't hold. Why doesn't someone invent an expanding hat? You know the sort of thing I mean: a hat that's a travelling hat, a shooting hat, a morning hat, and a Casino hat all at a moment's notice. Then, with one expanding box, a four-piece, and a transformation hat, one could start for the back of beyond in two minutes and look nice all the time. Do you know where it is, that wonderful place off all the beaten tracks? Those who know won't tell, and those who tell don't know.

A Glorious Twelfth

BY WILMOT LUNT

"EARLY BIRDS"—AND A BOTTLE!



Produced July 10, 1928

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

THE unusual title of this diverting play is accounted for by the fact that Tube trains usually pass Brompton Road Station, as it is a comparatively unimportant centre. Mrs. Dultitia Sloane, who happens to reside in that quarter of the metropolis, has given the fact a quite allegorical significance. All the great social events of the Season, in which she longs to participate, callously ignore Brompton Road as being outside the pale of the elect, and Mrs. Sloane is growing desperate accordingly. She feels she has got to do something big in order to attract the attention of "Society." If, for instance, she were to be the respondent in a sensational divorce case she could hardly fail to be very much talked about, and there are people who ask no more from life than that. So divorced she shall be, and the family solicitor is summoned accordingly for consultation.

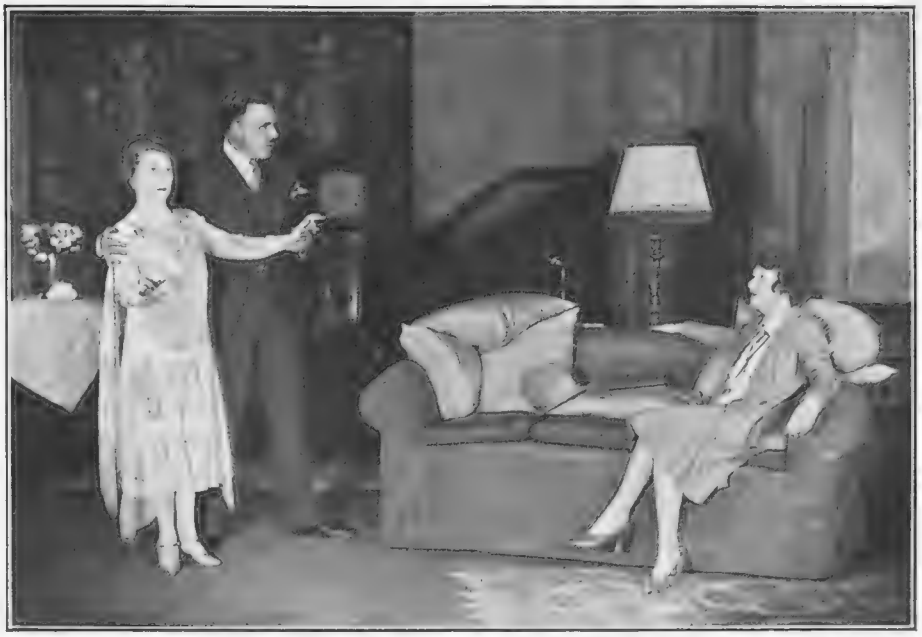
MRS. SLOANE is represented by Miss Marie Tempest, and our familiarity with this delightful lady's methods easily leads us to expect an outbreak of splendid frivolity. That is, in fact, the dish that is spread before us. When the curtain rises the solicitor is already on the spot, chafing at the delay that is wasting his professional time. He is actually on the point of leaving the house when Mrs. Sloane comes bustling in and seizes him by the coat-sleeve, so that she can see the time by his wrist-watch and compare it with her own. After a superficial apology for being late—the blame must, of course, be laid on the clocks in the house—she mentions that she wants a divorce as soon as it can be arranged—in time for Ascot, if possible.

THE solicitor's first natural impression is that Mr. Sloane has been running up irregular hotel bills somewhere, but Mrs. Sloane hastens to assure him that it is nothing at all like that. She herself will be the respondent. Her husband knows nothing about it yet, as she thought it would be best to get the preliminaries settled first so that she can decide upon the kind of frock she will wear in court. If the

solicitor will just start the proceedings, that is all she asks of him. It is then pointed out to her in severe legal phraseology that if there is to be a divorce there must be a co-respondent. Mrs. Sloane had not thought of that. Whom could she ask to oblige in an emergency? She at once thinks of dear old George Harding, a middle-aged bachelor friend of the family, who always comes when he is telegraphed for, either to help Mr. Sloane or to amuse the children at a Christmas party. He is such an amiable fellow that he surely would not mind being a co-respondent just for once.

GEORGE HARDING, being summoned by wire, answers with his usual promptitude, but on the case being explained to him he absolutely declines to be a party to the proceedings. He protests that he is Sloane's oldest friend, and Mrs. Sloane retorts at once that that is all the more reason why he should make the ideal co-respondent, because it generally happens like that. Harding appeals to Sloane, but Sloane explains that his wife usually has her own way, and they might as well give in first as last. After all, only a few compromising situations will be necessary. The solicitor will send along a clerk whom Mr. Sloane can employ nominally as a private secretary, and who will, with the dexterity of his kind, easily magnify the fluttering of the eyelid, or a grasp of the hand, into an illicit week-end, and the evidence will then be complete.

AS it happens, the clerk sent by the solicitor proves to be an attractive lady typist of the kind that in modern times seems to have taken the place of the "little milliner" of a day gone by; and the expected happens quite normally. Mr. Sloane, hitherto a gentleman of



THE UNRESPONDING "CO" *Sasha*

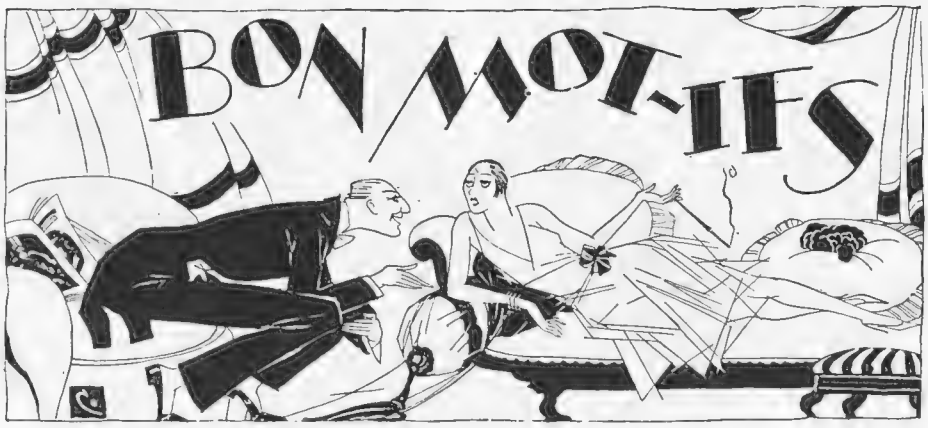
Mrs. Sloane (Marie Tempest) does her best to stir her co-respondent, George Harding (Evelyn Roberts), into some sort of action. The old-fashioned friend, Miss Pastel (Louise Hampton), however, proves a greater attraction to the sluggish George

practically no occupation, suddenly discovers a vast amount of neglected correspondence needing urgent attention. He shuts himself up for hours in his study with his fascinating typist, and gives instructions that he is not to be disturbed on any account. Quite. It looks for the moment as if it will be Mr. Sloane who will be the respondent in any action that may be brought, and Mrs. Sloane, therefore, does her best to speed up her part of the enterprise. Unfortunately for her, George Harding has a distinct preference for having naps on the sofa, while Mrs. Sloane is trying to keep him awake with her piano-playing so that he may be persuaded to offer her words of endearment that can be taken down and used in evidence against him.

IT is generally understood that the course of true love never did run smooth, and it would appear from this play that the road to divorce is equally uneven. Mrs. Sloane has just succeeded in getting George Harding to address her as "darling," when Miss Pastel drops in to tea. Miss Pastel is at first sight a severely correct, old-fashioned spinster of the kind to whom virtue is generally alleged to be compulsory for sheer lack of means to the contrary. But as soon as she is alone with her old friends Miss Pastel removes her hideous spectacles and her mid-Victorian hat, and hotly refutes the suggestion that she is in any way respectable. She becomes so attractive, in fact, that George takes her out to dinner, to the sad neglect of his co-respondence duties.

MRS. SLOANE begins to realise that she is ploughing a rather lonely furrow. George Harding has forsaken her, and the typist from the lawyer's office, who should be spying about and making incriminating notes, is too much occupied with Mr. Sloane's alleged correspondence. In her despair she telegraphs to her son Eric to come at once from Oxford and give the typist a severe lecture on the error of her ways. As a perfectly natural sequence, the young man arrives at the house and falls in love with the girl on the spot, and Mrs. Sloane sees that her last hope has gone. Although the plot has been built up with pleasing ingenuity, it is only Miss Tempest who matters all the time. The varying moods of sweet unreasonableness attributed to her sex are exploited by her with the completest success.

JINGLE.



By HARTLEY CARRICK

TWO thousand pounds damages were recently awarded against a co-respondent in a divorce suit. That seems to prove that the high cost of loving is increasing.

. . . . . .

A CRICKET team was travelling in a heavy sea from Liverpool to the Isle of Man. "Now!" exclaimed one of the sufferers, remembering the late Tom Emmett, "why don't they put the heavy roller on?"

. . . . . .

THE present heat wave has left most of us prostrate. We might all of us be English heavy-weight boxers.

. . . . . .

"AFTER the Notts *v.* Middlesex match," remarks a cricketing scribe, "it was pleasant to see F. T. Mann clap Hendren on the back." Cricket devotees will want to know why he didn't "Pat" Hendren.

. . . . . .

TO-DAY'S complete thought:—Flat hunters should remember that half a roof is better than no shed.

. . .

RECENTLY a touring car collided at a level crossing. These gate crashers are always looking for trouble.

. . . . .

"WHY on earth is Gladys going out with the guns on the Twelfth?"

"I can't imagine, except that she's got shot stockings."

. . . . .

"WHERE is my new black and white shirt?"

"It's gone, dear; I put it on the 2.30."

. . . . .

"I HEAR you gave the bride away."

"I didn't; but, believe me, I could have done!"

A MAN wearing a Panama hat was recently discovered in the pavilion at Lord's. Every member declared it was the last straw.

. . . . . .

WE hate to repeat a remark made on this page, but cannot refrain from commenting on the number of young Society men who speak with a Morris-Oxford accent.

. . . . . .

AND who was the dear old *nouveau riche* who told his friend that he was going to stay at Oxford at his alma Mitre?

. . . . . .

THE extraordinary feature about the Tunney-Heeney fight was that both broadcast the news, "Why I expect to lose."

. . . . . .

"GRACE never stops talking."

"I know; even when she takes a cold bath she can't stop her teeth from chattering."

A WELL-KNOWN Bond Street *coiffeuse* has been broadcasting. It would be interesting to know what her wave length was.

. . . . . .

A CLERGYMAN says that our deterioration is due to tobacco, drinking, and betting. In other words, our troubles are due to 'bacca, Bacchus, and backers.

. . . . . .

A SPIRITUALIST declares that it is possible for ghosts to sing. We should like to hear one of their haunting tunes.

. . . . . .

There was a young lady of Pisa,
Whose lover attempted to squisa,
But she lost all her charm,
When he said with alarm,
"My goodness, how knobby your knisa!"

. . . . . .

"WAS Jones speaking the truth when he said he only took three out of that bunker?"

"No; but he's the sort of chap who'd wriggle out of any 'lie.'"

. . . . . .

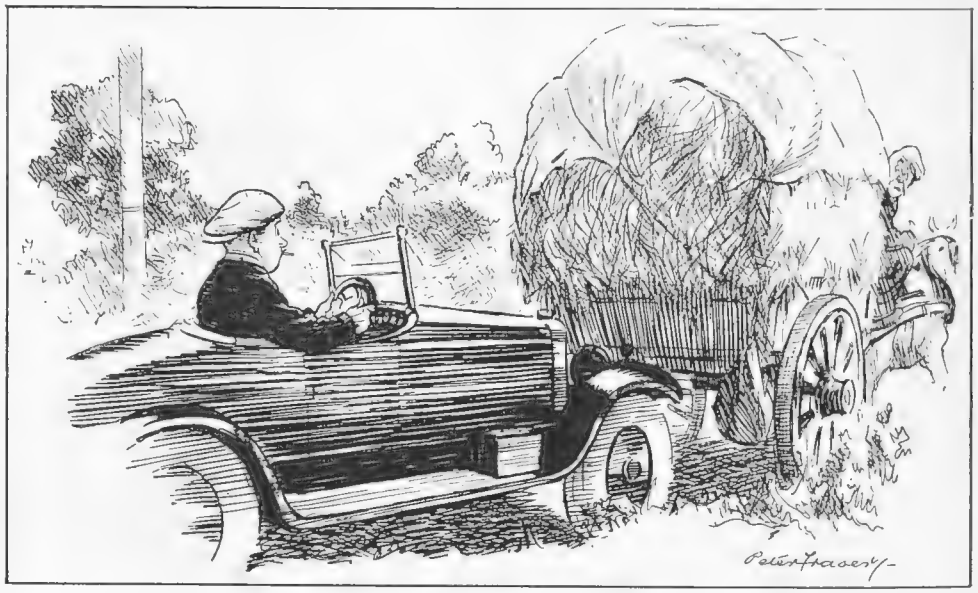
FLAPPERS now wear miniatures of their admirers on their shoe-buckles. Our explanation is that they want to keep their admirers at their feet.

. . . . . .

"How were you out? Caught in the slips?" "No; I was caught in two minds."

. . . . . .

COWES, we are told, is a largely over-rated resort. We are inclined to regard that statement as idiyachtic.



By PETER FRASER

A HITCH IN THE PROCEEDINGS

RUSTIC (*to motorist held up in narrow lane*): "Ere—none o' yer 'itchin' that thing on to the back of my cart!"

Getting it in the Neck

BY THORPE

"Nobody would think you was on your holidays with your collar inside your jacket like that!"

DOLORES DEL RIO

Melodrama à la Russe

With a title like "The Red Dancer of Moscow," one may fairly expect the new Fox film, which will be released before long, to be decidedly thrilling: indeed, the makers describe it as "terrific." The stars, who are seen in the accompanying "stills," are Dolores del Rio and Charles Farrell, with Ivan Linow, a Russian and a new discovery, supporting them

CHARLES FARRELL

DOLORES DEL RIO WITH THE RUSSIAN GIANT, IVAN LINOW

NEW SERIES

DAILY DIALOGUES

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrations by ARTHUR WATTS*

No. I—BUSINESS AT ITS BEST

"Deep in thought"

SCENE: *A City office, any time of any day between* 11 *a.m. and* 1 *p.m.*
Gentleman seated at large mahogany table littered with papers and cane baskets. Deep in thought he chews a toothpick: rings concealed bell under table. Enter pert lady with long pencil and short skirt.

"ER, Miss Watkins, take a letter. Crampton and Witham, say, Dear Sirs, say, I am in receipt of yours of yesterday's date—er—of the 11th instant. Say—er—errr—we are much astonished at contents of same—er—no: say we are very much astonished indeed—no, not indeed—at contents of same—er—" (silence).

"What did I say?—oh—er—yes . . . at contents of—er—s-a-me (pause) and would inform you—and would beg respectfully to point—not, not respectfully, damn them—bunch of dagos, the whole lot of 'em—and would point out at once—not at once—would point out that we have never had any complaints under this heading before." (Pause. Toothpick thrown into waste paper basket.)

"What's that? . . . N-o, I don't like under this heading. Take that out . . . before. In the first place, our price for the goods in question—in question (consults a printed list) was, as quoted to you in—er—in ours—er—of the 3rd ult.—3rd ult.: thirty-seven and sixpence F.O.B. Naples. Er—we should have been happy to—er—to have—er—quoted you C.I.F. London had you so desired—errr—so desired" (pause).

"Say, we do not—er—feel it reasonable that you should hold us responsible—er—hold us in any way responsible for a sudden rise in freight for these articles: er—for this commodity, and—er—must reluctantly: and—er—are reluctantly compelled to refer you to the—er—printed conditions on our price lists—errr—on our price lists."

(Telephone rings violently.)

"Hullo! Who? Yes, put him through. All right, Miss Watkins, run that off in draft and I'll see how it looks—hullo! yes, good-morning, Mr. Higginbotham, how are you? Y-e-es: pickled *walnuts*? Oh, lor! There's a fearful shortage you know: not a parcel in London that I *know* of: I'm afraid you'll have to pay for 'em—you know how it is just now—yes; but if you'll leave it to me I'll . . . (listens intently for an appreciable time) . . . *I* see: right y'are: I'll try: *good*-bye."

(Lights cigarette meditatively and picks up receiver.)

"Give me Hawser and Wire—Mr. Appleyard . . . Mornin', Algy. Have you sold those rotting walnuts of yours yet? No, you're not likely to. I've got a customer up in the North—he's crazy, but it occurs to me I might land him with some if it is going to help you at all. You begged me to take 'em off your hands last week, you remember. But it's no good asking me a dam fool price ol' man: market's glutted with the stuff, as you know . . . *What!* How much? Of course, you're just being silly now. I shall ring off . . . My dear chap, he won't *look* at them above twenty-eight bob—why should he? Be sensible, for God's sake. I can sell 'em for you at 28 if it's doing you a good turn: but I don't want to be bothered with the business, only I thought you—very well, just as you like. I think I can plant 15 cases for you—that's all right—pleasure—at 28 then, bye-bye."

"... Oh, is that you, Mr. Higginbotham. Sorry to

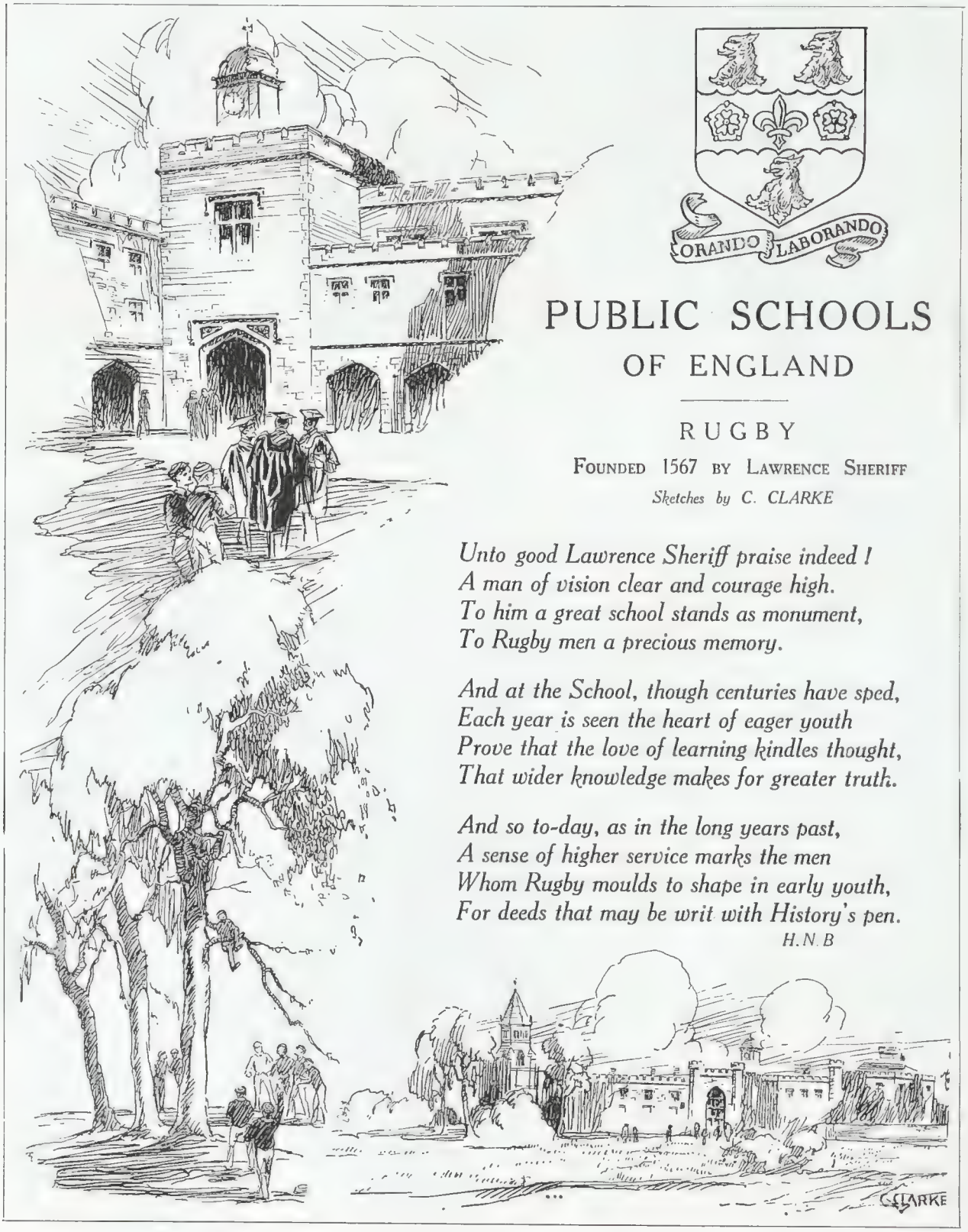
"Very happy to oblige you"

have been so long, but I've been trying all over London for those pickled walnuts for you. As I feared, the market is awfully tight. However, some good friends of mine have just landed some at the Docks, only yesterday. They're under rather an obligation to me as a matter of fact, and I think I can do you 15 cases if you don't mind paying 39s. I've got to pay that for 'em myself, because of the big demand . . . my profit . . . no, no, that's all right, you've been very good to me in the past—very happy to oblige you this time—no, I won't hear of it—not at all. But you'd better make me a firm offer *now* if you want 'em. They'll be snaffled during the course of the day for certain. Right. Not a bit . . .

" What's that? Lunch—yes: Oh, well, that's very good of you, but why shouldn't you lunch with me? Really? Well, just as you like. The Decoy, yes, food's always excellent there—especially the Stilton—what, shall I pick you up in a taxi—*right* you are . . ."

" Oh, Miss Watkins, I'm going to lunch now—several people to see after: back about four. I'll sign letters then. What? No, I can't be bothered with Crampson and Witham now—remind me when I come in."

(Hurries into overcoat.) D. L.



Specially drawn for "The Bystander" by H. COLLER

TENNIS STARS IN ACTION: No. 7—H. W. AUSTIN

It was in 1921 that the attention of the Tennis World was drawn particularly to H. W. Austin, who, in that year, won the Singles, under sixteen, of the Public Schoolboys' Tournament. He followed up his success with the Singles, Doubles and Mixed Doubles Junior Championships in 1922, and during the next year gained a large number of successes in various Championships. He is this year's Captain of the Cambridge University L.T.C., and was the last Englishman left in the Men's Singles at Wimbledon

Specially printed and mounted copies of this picture, signed by the artist, can be obtained on application to the Publisher at 7/6 each. Postage 6d. extra.

NOCTURNE A

When sleepy little Cowes awakes each year and finds itself, for a brief week, the centre of interest of the Season, it has its phases of bea exhilarates the onlooker. It is left to the night to provide a soothing contrast. In the blue dusk, when the yachts are l

BY CHARLES PEARS

AT COWES

f beauty in many forms. All through the days of the Royal Regatta, sunlight, white sails and dancing waves make a picture that are lying at their moorings and their riding lights shine out, the masts make a delicately beautiful filigree against the sky

Women also prefer them
Westminster
Cigarettes

"'Asleep,' muttered little Spiller. 'God send 'e sleeps 'eavy.'"

THE CASTAWAYS

By C. HEDLEY BARKER. *Illustration by FRANK OLDHAM*

It was dawn. A string of red clouds like flamingoes hung moveless in the sky. The two occupants of the raft opened eyes sunk in dark caverns, and listless, unhoping, swept the steel-like disc of the sea. Not a living thing, not a breath of air was abroad to remind them that they were not dead and gone to a special hell for sailors. The sail of the raft hung slack, in folds that wore the very aspect of doom, whilst the raft itself lay immobile, like a toy frozen in ice, or congealed in an immense tract of glue. Buck Pike, a gaunt parody of the giant he had been fourteen days ago, eyed his companion distastefully. In Buck Pike's opinion little Spiller was the Jonah who had been responsible for disaster to the ship; for the lack of food and water; and for the ghastly calm which prevailed day after day, maddeningly, out of all reason.

Buck Pike wore one sleeve of his duck coat tucked into the pocket. With the arm that remained to him he eased the stopper of the water-beaker and peered inside. These was perhaps an inch of water in the belly of the cask. Carefully, he tipped the bunghole towards his tongue. Little Spiller stirred. His eyes burned with an awful eagerness in a face that was incredibly etiolated. Buck Pike repelled him with a savage kick.

"Nothin' doin'," he said. "While there's life there's 'ope, and I'm goin' ter keep 'opin' as long as the water lasts. Savvy? It's every man for 'isself, and the devil take the 'indmost, and if you wants a wet, chum, you'll be unlucky. The race is to the swift, my cockbird, and the battle to the strong. And, I guess there won't be no battle. It'll be a massacre, if I 'ave any lip from you. So, go to sleep, you damned Jonah, and pray you never wake up again."

Little Spiller fell asleep out of sheer weakness, and dreamed that he was paddling the raft desperately towards an island, urged on by Buck Pike's threats. And, presently, he realised that it was no dream; that the island actually was; and that the paddle seemed to weigh a ton. When, finally, the raft dunched on a silver beach he fell headlong and lay unconscious in his tracks. Buck Pike revived him with water. There might be work to do on the island. Little Spiller might be made use of.

The island was uninhabited. So much they could see at a glance. But, that it had been inhabited, and that by a civilised person, was plain. About a hundred yards from the beach stood a workmanlike hut. They staggered towards it and opened the door. Inside, a man sat huddled over a rough table. A half-finished letter was in front of him, written on the back of a chart. On the floor was a revolver, and the small, blackened hole at his temple told its own tale.

"Cooked," said Buck Pike briefly. "Man goeth up like a topmast studding-s'l, and cometh down like a flyin' jib. *Reckitscat in passy.* What's this? 'Is last will and testyment?"

Buck Pike read the letter aloud. It said:—

"To the next unfortunate who lands here. . . . . The schooner *Swan* hit the reef to the Southard of this island on June 6th, 1925. Myself, my mate, and the three Kanakas who formed the crew landed in the longboat, towing the dinghy, which contained overflow stores. With the timbers which came ashore when the *Swan* smashed up we built this hut, and such wood as we had left over was used to build a beacon, ready to be lit in case we sighted a ship at night.

"By the end of six months—we hadn't seen either a sail or a wisp of smoke in all that time—I found it necessary to ration the food, and in order to exercise full control over its distribution I had to lock it up in an empty water-tank which had floated ashore. There was a padlock on the lid of the tank, and I had the key in my pocket.

"Day followed day with no sign of a ship . . . . a never-ending monotony of dawns, sunsets, blue seas, long silences. It seemed incredible that the same sun into whose blazing orb we stared looked down on mortals in happier circumstances. Another week passed. At the end of that time the mate swore that he wouldn't spend another day on the island. God helped those, he said, who helped themselves, and rather than die tamely on the island he proposed putting to sea in the longboat in the hope of picking up with a ship. I argued against this scheme in vain. On the 15th of December the mate, together with the three Kanakas and a ration of provisions to last them for three weeks, put to sea. I preferred to take my chance on the island.

"For a further two months I hoarded my small stock of provisions by eating the specie of nut which grows here. It is bitter, and unpalatable to the taste, and, I suspect, poisonous in its cumulative effect, for as I write I am in agony. As that agony gets worse, and as death must surely be the end of it, I propose to hurry the process. Here's to the man who invented the revolver. I toast him in water.

"There is a stock of food sufficient to last three weeks in the water tank. Spring water is to be found on the north side of the island. I am writing this on February the 20th, and . . . ."

Here the letter ended.

"Well," said Buck, "it was a benefactor to humanity what invented the revolver. Also, I guess we got to give three cheers to whoever invented nuts. Maybe it wasn't nuts that poisoned this stiff 'un, after all, though. Anyway, you'll be able to test 'em, Spiller, my lad."

In a flash, little Spiller read Buck Pike's intention. His eye travelled to the revolver on the floor, then furtively met Buck's glance. His heart thumped painfully as he fought with an almost overmastering impulse to snatch at the weapon. Dare he risk it? God, no! Too late, now, anyway, Buck, with a sardonic smile, covered the revolver with his foot, stooped, picked it up, twirled it by the trigger-guard.

"You poor trash!" he sneered. "You 'adn't even the guts to make a try for it. D'yer know what I'd ha' done in your place? I'd ha' gone out all or nothing for this gun. And, I'd ha' got it, s'elp me God I would! You poor ullage! You white-livered son of a yellow father! Nuts is a luxury for the likes of you. And, nuts is all you're goin' ter get, savvy? There's three weeks' food left. Do you imagine I'm goin' ter make it ten days by sharin' it with you? Can you see me doin' it? No, my cockbird. Run away, and make a noise like a vegetarian."

Little Spiller stepped outside the hut. A coloured bird wheeled, flashing in the sun. The blue sea purled lazily on the beach. From among the queer jumble of thoughts jostling each other in his head emerged a picture of his home in Battersea. "Well," he muttered, "I spose this is good-bye for ever to Battersea Park, and the old Grosvenor Road. God knows I ain't never done nothink to deserve a end like this. But I suppose 'Im what sees all knows best. San fairy ann."

He returned from a visit to the spring to find Buck Pike relocking the lid of the water-tank. The sight of a tin of corned beef filled him with hope. Thought little Spiller: "He won't be able to open it. 'E'll ask me. And, once I gets 'old o' that tin o' corned dog and the tin-opener, I'll make a dash for it. I dashes down to the beach. He outs with 'is gun. 'Move another step,' says I, 'and I throws this tin-opener in the drink. Then I sits down comfortable, and waffles the doin's. What 'appens afterwards is, as they say, in the lap o' the gods."

But Buck Pike was used to the disadvantage of a missing arm. He gripped the tin with his knees, and with his remaining limb worked the tin-opener. The sight of the red meat was more than little Spiller could stand in silence.

"Gawd, Buck," he pleaded, "'ave a 'eart. I feel like one big 'ole with nothink inside of it. It's never too late to mend. Do a kind deed, and spite the devil. Unto others, do as ye would be done by—that's the stuff. I don't ask for a half, nor even a quarter. Just a taste, Buck, for the love of Mike."

"Not a taste," said Buck venomously. "Not a smell. Not if you was to go down on your bended knees for it. Savvy? And that's final, with a big F."

Night came, but Little Spiller didn't sleep. He lay awake thinking. And presently there came to him an idea which set him tingling in every pore with the thrill of it. From where he lay he could see the dinghy. Could he move it? The mast, with a sail bent on to it, was stepped. Had he the necessary strength to launch the boat? He sat up, cautiously, and peered at the recumbent form of Buck Pike. In a fairly loud tone he addressed him by name. No answer.

"Asleep," muttered little Spiller. "God send 'e sleeps 'eavy."

It took him an hour to move the boat twenty yards to the water's edge, and to fill the boat's breaker with water. The effort left him exhausted, panting like a blown stag. And now came the great moment; the moment of hazard, terror, peril. A false move on his part and death, sudden and violent, would be the result? Dared he risk it? Little Spiller gritted his teeth, and crawled warily towards Buck Pike. "God 'elps them," he whispered, "as 'elps themselves."

At dawn Buck Pike awoke. A voice was hailing him. He sat up and saw, just off-shore, the dinghy. Little Spiller, jubilant, was standing in the stern sheets.

"Ahoy there, me beauty," he crowed, "I've left two tins o' corned dog in the tank. And I've 'idden the key. Understand? 'Idden it. But I got some humanity, I 'ave. I got bowels o' compassion. And I'm goin' ter give you a clue. Savvy? Listen. That key's within one yard of where you're sittin'. Got that?"

Buck Pike, his face a convulsed mask of evil, whipped out his revolver and fired. But he was no marksman. Little Spiller laughed, and waved a valediction as the dinghy heeled over to a steady breeze. He laughed with joy, for he had a fortnight's stock of food and water, and the conviction that he would pick up with a ship.

The sun went down that night on a man digging, digging, scooping up the fine sand with his single hand. All the next day he dug, and the day after that. At intervals he paused and, staring intently at the water-tank evolved fantastic and impossible notions for opening locks without keys. He battered at the sides of the tank with his fist, with his feet. A man will go to incredible lengths when spurred on by hunger.

And so the affair moved on to its inevitable end. One day a shot split the silence of the peaceful afternoon. Man goeth up like a topmast-studding-s'l, and cometh down like a flying jib. *Reckitscat in passy.*

And the key?

That was a cunning idea of little Spiller's. He had put the key in Buck Pike's pocket—in the pocket which contained the empty sleeve of his duck coat. Not always is the battle to the strong. C. H. B.

A Dancer at His Majesty's

Raphael

MME. ALEXANDRA DANILOVA

The famous dancer, who made such a success in the recent Russian Ballet season at His Majesty's Theatre. She is recognised as being one of the most beautiful women on the European stage

By Norman Pett

"NOT A LOVE SET"

Rabbit: "Yes, this is my own racket, why?"
Partner: "It looks as if it had been used!"

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

By RALPH WOTHERSPOON

The other day while I was sitting with John Woolley-Doog in one of the members' enclosures at Lord's two people came in and sat down just behind us, and an attractive husky young voice remarked:

"Wicket looks nice, Uncle Hugh."

"Absolutely plumb," replied the jolly tones of an indubitable uncle. "Is this all right for you? Can you see?"

"Toppingly, thanks."

They exchanged some remarks which we could not help overhearing, and then Johnny said to me quietly:

"Ralph, that's rather a pleasant type of young woman behind us. Pretty voice. No, don't look round. I'll tell you exactly what she's like in a minute."

I have to confess that we listened unashamedly to a few more snatches of conversation which came clearly to our ears . . .

"Who's first slip, Uncle Hugh?"

"Hendren, Jean."

"Oh, yes, of course, it is. He's a most marvellous field, isn't he?"

"He is," agreed Uncle Hugh.

"Like T. J. E. Andrews. D'you remember Andrews, Uncle Hugh? He was ripping. That last Test Match at the Oval he stood right in ever so close to the batsman and . . ."

At this point Johnny began to diagnose in a low voice.

"Comes of a cricketing family," he informed me, "plenty of brothers and brought up to hold a bat straight. Probably went to Roedean or some place like that. Lord, what a difference nowadays in the female of the species. You remember that old song—'She didn't know enough about the game, the little lady'?"

"Yes," I replied. "Something about 'Oxford batting at one end and Cambridge at the other.'"

"That's it. Well, this little lady knows enough about the game. I tell you, Ralph," continued my friend, warming to his theme and most unexpectedly revealing himself as a champion of the modern girl, "I'm all for this younger generation with their short skirts and short hair and general efficiency. Lots of good in 'em. I like 'em, old boy. I *like* 'em."

"Hush," I said, for Johnny was beginning to rant.

He subsided and we gave our attention to the cricket.

Nothing very thrilling happened in the field, but Uncle Hugh and Jean made up for it by maintaining an interesting technical conversation, in which Uncle Hugh once or twice laid himself open to kindly correction, and I gathered some useful information about the "in-swinger." Johnny signified entire approbation by solemnly nodding his head every now and again, and muttering, "Good girl" at some especially acute piece of criticism.

I think he was thoroughly enjoying himself when, about six o'clock, he looked at his watch.

"Go, I think," he said. "Got to dress. Have a look as we go out."

"Right," I assented.

As we left the enclosure we took a verifying glance at the younger generation and its escort.

Uncle Hugh was satisfactory.

He was a true-to-form, top-hatted uncle. His niece was a good-looking boy of about thirteen.

Jean for Eugene, I suppose.

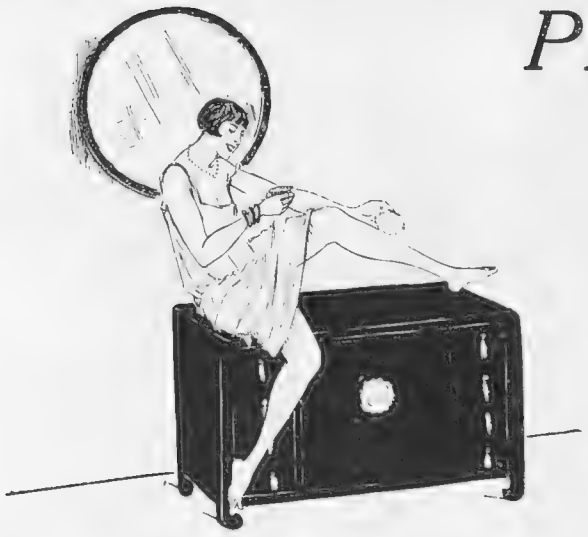
BY JOHN GORDGE

THE QUESTION IS——?

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN



"Application of a delicate powder"

MES AMIS,

SOME inspired laddie has at last found a new way of going from Paris to Deauville—for which there is reason to be profoundly thankful. It was one of the drawbacks about a holiday at the *plage fleurie* that you so frequently got pushed off the road while merely trying to get there, and even if you dragged yourself out of a ditch with a whole skin, the affair was distinctly unpleasant. One doesn't mind being a bit crushed on arrival at Deauville, as it is one of the attractions of the place to be bumped into by nabobs, pashas, sheiks, present and ex-monarchs.

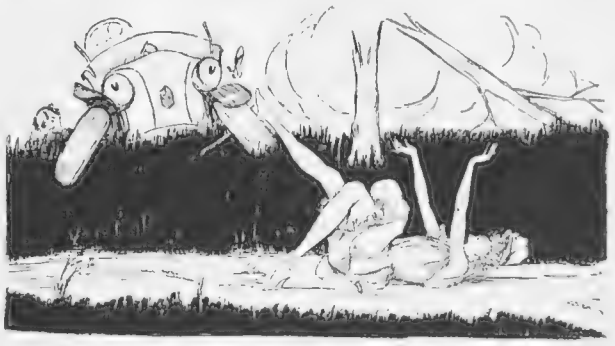
BUT on the road, in a car that does not offer you such a firm stance as your own feet, there is far from being similar social satisfaction about receiving a push in the back or the side, even if it comes from such an aristocrat as a Rolls-Royce or a Hispano-Suiza. Yet the customary road has been so crowded on Saturdays and Sundays that it was a case of the weakest going to the wall—represented in this instance by an uninviting *fossé*. I am told that the Southend road is really more crowded, but it doesn't feel like it. For one thing, fewer French motor cars, seeing that the drivers claim both sides of the road as well as the middle, can make a crowd, and I don't imagine there are many drivers on the Southend road who go at seventy-five miles an hour, which is common on the Deauville speedway.

ANYHOW, the innovator has discovered that one can arrive by a pleasant circular tour that includes Versailles, charming Dampierre, and stately Rambouillet, a road that takes in some of the most delicious forest paths to be found anywhere, then further leafy ways for the next main centres of Evreux and Lisieux, before joining the narrow and sometimes puzzling track by Pont l'Evêque to Deauville. Nominally, it takes longer than the main road—but not always, as you are not likely to be compelled to join in a procession, nor are you so likely to have your nerve shattered. It is certainly a most useful discovery.

"Some inspired laddie ."

PARISIANS have had reason to know that it is never safe to judge strangers by appearance, but, none the less, a half-dozen passengers in a first-class coach of a Marseilles train feel they are justified in saying they received a shock. The carriage was frightfully hot, and they had scarcely left Paris before a well-dressed young man remarked, "As we are all men here, don't you think it would be better if we made ourselves comfortable." And without waiting for a reply he began to remove a coat and vest of the most impeccable cut, revealing an equally perfect silk shirt. Then, after taking off collar and tie and sprinkling himself with eau-de-Cologne, he changed into silk pyjamas, which could also be described as *de luxe*, and slept peacefully till nearing Marseilles, leaving himself just time for shaving, more scent, and a return to his elegant suit.

AT Marseilles he thundered, "Porter! porter!! *Nom d'un chien*, are there no porters here?" And, as a



"An uninviting fossé"

fact, no porters were visible. None of the other passengers could find any. But a "ganger" who was working on the line sighted the young "elegant." "*Voilà* Simon!" he yelled, then added, "Wait a second, Simon, we're coming," and in a minute he and three other railway workmen were disputing the honour of carrying the young man's trunks. Then the astonished passengers saw the railwaymen come up in crowds to form a procession, which cried, "Bravo, Simon. What are they saying in Paris?" They thus learned that they had had the honour of the companionship of a local Communist Deputy. This is the first time we knew that Communism had taken to silk shirts and silk pyjamas.

THERE is, *en effet*, a prominent Socialist politician who will probably feel that he has been most undeservedly victimised when he hears of this incident. He happens to be a particularly talented orator who appears with great success in *causes célèbres*, and he expected to gain a comfortable victory over his rather insignificant Communist opponent.

But the Communist had a cunning agent. This tactician plastered the division with a photograph taken at Deauville, which showed the Socialist dressed in the height of fashion as an ultra-*chic* sportsman, and walking between a millionaire motor car manufacturer and another plutocrat. That photograph did more damage than a thousand speeches, and the Socialist missed his parliamentary call.

"Sprinkling himself with eau-de-Cologne"

WE had heard of the professors who counselled abstention from kissing on the lips on account of its supposed dangers, and Paris did not worry over much about this, because kissing on the lips is a rather uncommon form of salutation in France. But another of the species has commenced an agitation against the kissing of my lady's hand, and this is much more serious locally. The *baise-main* is not merely the most elegant form of greeting, but it also recalls the great traditions of a splendid past, and it is certainly one of the most charming features of a Parisian reception.

YET it is seriously threatened. The hygienist has been counting up the number and the nature of the microbes that can be deposited on even the most *satinée* hand during the kissing ceremony, and the result is sufficient to produce a nightmare for the gallant gentleman who was the last to place his lips against the hostess's fingers. It is suggested that a maid should be standing by to dab the hand with a wad of antiseptic cotton-wool after each salutation, but one feels that this touch of the clinic would more speedily kill the tradition than anything else. There is a distinct disquietude among the *grandes dames* of the Faubourg.

I THINK we can now take it that the bare-leg *mode* has been consecrated, for it has received the skilled attention of the beauty parlours. That furnishes the necessary *cachet*. Before, there was a suggestion of cheapness about the bare leg, a hint that it was a matter of economising on stockings. But that allegation can subsist no longer under the new *régime*, which involves a preliminary treatment with a very costly skin-cream and then the application of a delicate powder that is even more expensive. Admittedly, the result is so good that the legs do not appear to be bare, but rather to be sheathed in the finest of silk that reveals not the tiniest pleat or crease; but that is not the deciding factor. The supreme count is that the *mode* is very expensive and not *à la portée* of everybody. It may safely be regarded as established. RENÉ.

Summer on the French Coast.

THE spell of glorious weather which visited us during July was enjoyed nowhere more than at La Baule, the popular French coast resort. A very full programme of events was carried out, one of the principal being a Concours d'Elegance for motors under the auspices of the Automobile Club de l'Ouest and under the Presidency of M. André de Fouquières. Important professional tennis matches were played at the Tennis Club. Sport plays a very large part in the life of La Baule during the season. The golf course is in first-rate condition. Motoring through the pleasant countryside, swimming, and riding have all been indulged in.

Maurice

A NEAT ANNETTE!

Miss Annette Kellerman, the famous exponent of swimming and physical culture, makes a singularly trim figure in her practical *toilette de bain*, the severity of which is relieved by the gay sunshade. The photograph was taken on the beach at Deauville

A Trio of Interesting Betrothals

MISS URSULA MAHON *Bassano*

The only daughter of the late Sir William Mahon and the Hon. Lady Mahon, whose engagement to the Hon. Marcus Crofton the younger son of Lord Crofton, has been announced. Her fiancé was formerly in the Irish Guards

Hay Wrightson

THE HON. MARGARET SMITH

The younger sister of Lord Hambleden, whose is engaged to Mr. John Grenville Morrison, the only son of Mr. Hugh Morrison, M.P., and Lady Mary Morrison. Their wedding is to take place in October next

Lafayette

MISS EILA LAURIE

Whose engagement to Rear-Admiral J. U. Farie, C.M.G., of North Berwick, has been announced. She is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Laurie, of Faygate, Sussex

THE world's altitude record for two-seater light 'planes has again come to this country after being held in Germany since last October at 18,700 feet. Captain Geoffrey De Havilland, our senior designer-pilot, accompanied by his wife, took the new Gipsy " Moth " to 21,000 feet, and there seems no doubt that this country will continue to lead the world in light 'plane design and construction. It must have been a welcome relief from the heat wave to ascend above the snow line in less than an hour; actually the thermometer registered 27 deg. of frost at 20,000 feet.

At the Rotterdam meeting Capt. Cordes, with Mr. O. W. Cooke, the Editor of the *D.H. Gazette*, as passenger, arrived in an " X " type Moth dead on time, thus winning the rather interesting arrival competition. They flew from Croydon to Rotterdam in just under three hours. Capt. the Rt. Hon. F. E. Guest, M.P., who is a Squadron Leader in charge of No. 600 City of London Squadron of the Auxiliary Air Force, has bought an aeroplane, and intends carrying out a flight through Africa in the autumn. It is probable that the Hon. J. H. B. Rodney will be the pilot on this flight, on which Capt. Guest hopes to combine business and pleasure. Another visitor to Africa by air this autumn will be Mr. Gar Wood, a well-known American owner of racing motor boats, who at present holds the world's speed record for that type of craft.

A new aerodrome in South Devon has been opened at Haldon, where Mr. W. R. Parkhouse, the agent for Avian machines, is giving instruction to a few pupils. It is possible that a club may be formed there for South Devon, as it is a convenient centre of a very large district. Particulars can be obtained from Mr. Parkhouse at the Agra Engineering Co., Teignmouth.

The Avian purchased by " Airways " will be stationed at Croydon Aerodrome, and Mr. E. H. Alliott, the pilot, will give flights to anyone interested whenever possible, although the machine is not available for general hire service as previously stated.

Although not a part of normal training, five advanced pupils from the De Havilland School made a successful formation flight to Coventry and Bristol recently on D.H.9J. machines. Practice in formation flying will become essential for all pilots eventually, as the success of aerial touring parties will depend very much on the skill of each individual pilot in keeping touch with the leader.

THE WINNING SMILE *Topical.*

Miss Spooner with an armful of prizes won, including the Wakefield Cup. The photograph was taken at the Mounted Gymkhana held during the Halton Air Pageant

AFTER THE RACE *Topical*

Capt. Neville Stack, A.F.C., photographed at the Halton Air Pageant beside his Cirrus Mark III 'plane. He won the Bucks Herald Challenge Cup

The Cinque Ports Club has taken over the Moth " Jeunesse," formerly owned by Vicomte de Sibour, and flying will proceed as usual under Major Clarke.

A new light aeroplane, the Simmonds " Spartan," with many original features, appeared during the King's Cup race. All the aerofoil surfaces are interchangeable, also the main bracing wires, ailerons and elevators, so that a club owning several of

these machines could very much reduce its stock of spares, and, of course, the actual production is made much cheaper. The machine has the latest type of split under-carriage, folding wings, and doors to each cockpit. Besides being a designer, Mr. Simmonds is managing director of the Hampshire Club, so that his knowledge of the club's requirements has enabled him to produce a machine which should be cheap to build and inexpensive to operate.

The Hon. D. F. Tennant and Sir Pyers Mostyn have obtained their "A" licences at the De Havilland School in record time, and another instructor has been engaged to cope with the great rush of work.

Gold in bulk is now transported almost exclusively by air wherever a service is available, principally because there is less risk of pilferage and a saving in interest charges is made. The gold-mining industry in South Africa, Rhodesia, and the Congo will benefit considerably by the establishment of the trans-African air service, enabling the precious metal to be taken first of all to a railhead or seaport, and eventually the whole way to England and the East by air. There is already a *liaison* between banking and aviation, which is assisted in Holland by the Dutch banker who founded *Aeronautica*, a monthly containing articles and news in English, French, and German.

Sir Charles Wakefield has made further gifts of light 'planes, one to the New Zealand Government and another to the Aviation League of Canada for the use of Major-General McBrien. His example of practical philanthropy cannot be followed by many of us interested in the progress of aviation, but there is a way by which all business men can lend their support, which is also to their own advantage, and that is by using the Air Mail. Exactly why the Postmaster-General's leaflet on the subject can only be obtained from head offices is beyond comprehension.

C. E. Ward.

BEFORE THE START *Topical*

Lieutenant P. Murdoch, of the South African Air Force, whose attempt on a record flight from Croydon to Cape Town has caused great interest. His machine is an Avro Avian

Bystander Bridge

COMEDY OF ERRORS

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

Confusion arises continually over the informatory doubles, because there is no recognised standardised system regarding them.

When sitting down with strangers, you have to submit either to a lengthy catechism about your procedure, or listen to a long explanation of theirs which you forget probably at the critical moment. The alternative is to take your chance as to whether you interpret their doubles correctly.

Here is a case. I blush to record it, because the bidding was so bad. But it actually happened, and it conveys its own moral. The players were at cross-purposes.

	Y: S.—K, Q, 7, 6, 3. H.—K, 10, 8, 6. D.—9. C.—10, 6, 2.	
S.—9, 5, 4, 2. H.—5. D.—10. C.—K, Q, 8, 7, 5, 4, 3	A / B	S.—A, J, 8. H.—A, J, 7. D.—K, 8, 6, 5, 4. C.—A, J.
	Z: S.—10. H.—Q, 9, 4, 3, 2. D.—A, Q, J, 7, 3, 2. C.—9.	

Score: Game all. B dealt and bid "One No Trump"; Z and A, "No bid"; Y, "Double"; B, "Two Diamonds"; Z, "Double"; A, "No bid"; Y, "Two Spades"; B, "No bid"; Z, "Two No Trumps"; A and Y, "No bid"; B, "Double." All passed.

It is difficult, seeing all four hands, to imagine worse bidding, but it arose initially from a misunderstanding on the part of the players about the double of two of a suit.

. . . . . .

Y's initial double of "One No Trump" was extremely bad. The only excuse—if excuse there be—for it was that he held both major suits fairly strongly. But his hand was not nearly up to the standard strength, and not even the fact that it was rubber game could make his double passable.

B's bid of "Two Diamonds" over the double was weak. His intention was to show his partner that, in addition to a No Trump hand, he held a long suit in case it fitted A's hand better. But it was a poor effort. Z's double of two Diamonds was intended to be business. Y, however, read it as informatory, as did also A, who said nothing. Y thought his partner was saying, "I was glad to hear your informatory double indicating that you have the majors; well, I have both of them strong, equally strong; so I am throwing back the bid to you." Consequently Y said, "Two Spades," which B passed. B felt the rubber was safe against Spades, but he was not sure of defeating "Two."

. . . . . .

Spades looked terrible to Z, and he risked "Two No Trumps," which B doubled after A and Y had said, "No bid." This closed the bidding. Y could not understand why Z had refused a Spade contract after (as he thought) Z's statement that he was ready for either major; but, in any case, he felt no further bid was possible from himself—he had already gone further than he should.

A opened the 7 of Clubs, and Z made a total of four tricks, losing 430 points.

The situation arose from the fact that both Y and A interpreted Z's double of two Diamonds as informatory and not as business. If A had regarded it as business he would have called "Three Clubs." And if Y had regarded it as business he would, after A's silence, have left it alone. A comedy of errors all round!

Sporting Events in the Camera's Eye

Alfieri

A GRAND PRIX WINNER

C. S. Staniland photographed on his Excelsior at Brooklands. He won the Lightweight Grand Prix at the British Motor Cycle Racing Club's Grand Prix meeting

Topical

A SCOTTISH FINAL

W. Willis Mackenzie, the winner of the Scottish Amateur Golf Championship, photographed with the runner-up, W. E. Dodds, whom he defeated by 5 and 3. The championship was played at Muirfield

Express Photos

MISS J. ARBER

Central Press

J. ROWSE AND F. C. HURST (left) H. R. HIGGINSON AND T. L. HEWETT

There was a somewhat small entry for the Annual Regatta of the Thames Punting Club at Shepperton. Miss Arber (left photograph) retains the Ladies' Amateur Championship, being unchallenged, and in the right-hand photograph Higginson and Hewett defeated Rowse and Hurst in the Championship Double Punting by one length

AFTER THE BALL

By Blanchette

Illustrations by NORMAN KEENE

"To think out new and elaborate dishes"

LONDON, *Aug.* 6.

DEAR COUSIN,

RATHER restful in a way, isn't it, to look back on things? To sit on the shady balcony, as it were, all among the sturdy little fuchsias and languid lobelias and gracefully sprawling geraniums, and peep out from under the striped sunblinds along the street at the vanishing tail of the procession while

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart

(you remember these good old lines, that the good old Censor's Office cut out of a correspondent's message in War days once because they referred to movements of troops or something). Like we're doing here in London, now, in a manner of speaking, and not so altogether and entirely sorry or grieved about it either.

卐

IT'S been *such* a Brilliant Season, everyone's *quite* agreed, I'm sure. Quite the brilliantest ever—it always is. but this time, most especially and particularly so, as everyone'll tell you, and you can read if required in all the best public prints. Never were the debs. more fresh and bright and beautiful, the dear simple little things, taking (as a man writer remarked the other day) an artless pride in their gay panoply of frills and furbelows and rustling skirts—as if skirts, if any, did rustle these days, and I think he must have meant furaboves really, unless it was backs he was referring to (sorry). Never have parties been more triumphantly packed and successfully stuffy.

卐

NEVER have cars and taxis —owing to our splendid and wonderfully inspired new one-way system—been so habitually and inextricably and interminably held up in Piccadilly and environs on their way from house to restaurant and dinner, to play and theatre, to supper and dance, to dance. Never has the Eton and Harrow been a more scintillatingly social affair or more utterly independent of the cricket and things they *will* go on playing at somewhere in the middle distance at Lord's. Never has the crush for tea tables at Ranelagh been more excitingly awful or the ingenuity of intrigues for Royal Enclosure tickets at Ascot more insistent. Well, *e finito*, as they used to say in Italy. Tumult's fallen into a sudden silence, and captains and kings (complete with captainesses and queens) departed for a sort of last lap at this week's Cowes, where all the best people are now duly assembled.

"Never were the debs. more fresh and bright and beautiful"

卐

AND meanwhile, oddly enough and strange to say, and nevertheless, London goes on. Can't help feeling, you know, London's rather like life in a way—especially these days. People vanish, but others take their place. In old times, one gathers. everyone who was anyone wouldn't have been seen dead in Town after July 31. And if you couldn't afford Scotland or Deauville—only I suppose it was Boulogne or Brighton, more likely, in those benighted days—you pulled your blinds down, so it's said, in the dreary mansion in Manchester Square and furtively fed on secret sandwiches (so's there shouldn't even be any betraying smoke) till the time came when it was decently possible for a person of fashion to be once more seen in Town.

"Furtively fed on secret sandwiches"

卐

WHICH may or may not be a *canard* of the period, of course. But anyway, these days, *grace à Dieu*, London in August doesn't even begin to pretend to be dead. A rather pleasant resort, in fact, wherein (after sweet and tender farewells) we brace ourselves to fact that there's still seven million or so people left and some of 'em quite nice and human, and also just a shade more room to move in certain quarters of the town—though not too terribly much. Because, after all,

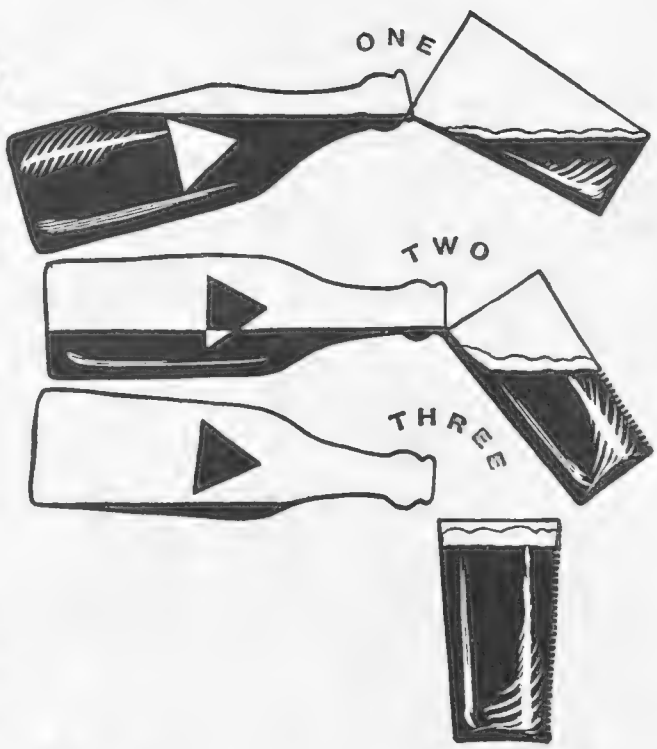
PRIVATE

NOTICE!

TO BASS DRINKERS ONLY

August, 1928

ALWAYS POUR BASS—LIKE THIS!



ONE
Hold the bottle steady against lip of glass

TWO
Let the beer trickle gently down the slope

THREE
Tilt the bottle no more than shown here

And there's your Bass—Bass amber clear. Bass at its very best and brightest. Always pour Bass————like this!

ALWAYS POUR *Bass*—LIKE THIS!

you know, and it's really rather nice to know, we almost all of us work at anyway something now, and to be a blinking plutocrat with time to burn is positively well-nigh and almost a brand of shame.

卐

And you know if you want to work, or for that matter do the other thing, London in August is really rather a singularly pleasing spot. Theatres don't stop our dances, am glad to say, even if one or two of the ultra-of-the-moments spots like the Embassy and such-like do close down for a month or so to give their thoroughly charming and all-non-British proprietors a chance to think out new and elaborate dishes—and bills—*pour épater les aristocrats*. And if a club or two is shut the restaurants and hotels are still going strong, like the Savoy and Princes and the Berkeley and the Ritz or the May Fair.

卐

As for the theatres—well, there's been some slumps this summer, but the best plays haven't really felt the draught or even the heat, which all goes to show, methinks, that there's always rooms at the top, as the old saying goes. Which has been more truly tested this time than ever before, or anyway in years, and certainly some of the weaker vessels fairly wilted in the recent alleged heat-wave. Must say books do seem somewhat the better investment somehow sometimes these summer nights if you want your little ration or allowance of emotional art. Can be enjoyed, after all, in comfy deck or other chair under trees in garden—'stead of cramped and airless stall—and no intervals and things, and you can choose your own cast to take the chief parts, and they never disappoint you, and if you want to know what happens in the last act you can find out right away, and go through with it right to the end or not, just as you may happen to choose or decide.

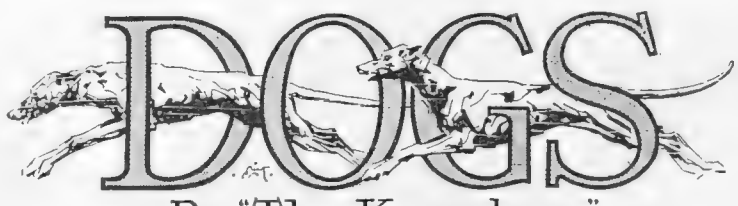
"We almost all of us work"

卐

Rather nice and exciting new affair of the moment in which line, by the way, being Colonel Wren's very latest of the "Beau Geste" family that's called "Beau Ideal." A quite intriguing American novel likewise to hand, "The Road to Heaven," by Thomas Beer, which is all done in the modern U.S. manner, complete with picturesque phrases of the country. Also a simple but succulent murder yarn entitled "Juggernaut" by a new author, Alice Campbell, and a really absorbingly colourful book with a Chinese atmosphere, "The Lacquer Couch," by Anne Suffield—that's my latest bag or budget to help me bear the tedium of an August in London (I don't think).

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette.



By "The Kennelman"

There are Dog Shows to-day (Wednesday) at Loughborough and Tunbridge Wells, and those fixed for to-morrow include Bakewell, Malvern and Tring, the last-named in the beautiful setting of Tring Park; and an Alsatian Show at Birmingham. It's interesting to note that next week the well-known English judge, Mr. J. W. Marples, will be officiating at a big Show in Vancouver, B.C. In the Dog-fancying world the links of Empire are drawn pretty close, and every year one finds English judges and fanciers answering to their names at Shows as widely separated as Lahore and Montreal, Winnipeg and Melbourne, Capetown and Singapore, Johannesburg and Auckland, N.Z. It certainly does "create a bond," as the butler said to Loudon Dodd over his stamp album in "The Wrecker." Only the other day a lady reader of these Notes, now settled in far and fair Tasmania, writing for information about a certain strain of Cockers in this country, said:—"Counting up the little circle of our first and closest friends here, we agreed that four out of five of them came to us through our Dogs or their own. In numbers our *pucca* pedigree Dogs here may be comparatively few; but their owners are really keen, the Dogs themselves are all pals, and we are all close students of our Bystander Notes."

A London veterinary surgeon, whose practice is entirely canine, told the writer this week that a large proportion of the skin troubles which are afflicting so many Dogs just now were due solely to use of the wrong kind of disinfectants and soaps; but especially to dangerous disinfectants. It is not sufficiently known that Dogs have very sensitive skins; more so than many humans. They readily absorb poison through the skin, and strong carbolic is very harmful to them. On this subject Dog owners should seek advice from Messrs. Cooper, MacDougall and Robertson, of Berkhamsted, Herts, whose research work in the matter of soaps and disinfectants, and the treatment of canine skin troubles, has been very thorough and remarkably successful. In ordinary canine eczema, which has no connection with faulty washing or disinfection, an overhauling of the diet sheet will often work wonders. Fine-cut lean meat served raw—it must be sound and fresh, of course—is likely to be better than any cooked meat; and in the matter of biscuits or Dog-meals the only real economy is to use the best. The jolly little crisp ovals called Sippets are specially good, by reason of the fruit stuff in them; and Osoko for grown Dogs, and Saval for youngsters, in addition to the big, hard biscuits, should be used regularly.

These dietary details are perhaps more important to Dogs' health just now than at any other time of the year, as is the provision of frequently changed fresh water, never to be left in the sun, and reasonable exercise in early mornings and evenings. (Never exercise within an hour either side of a meal.) If you can't take your Dogs with you when away on holiday—that's what they really want, of course—make it a point of honour to see they are left in conscientious hands, with understanding folk, who really will carry out the letter and the spirit of a diet sheet drawn up by yourself. Don't take any chances about this. There are some excellent country Dog-boarding establishments nowadays, though there's still room for more—of the right sort. There are good places outside Eastbourne and Haslemere (Bell Mead), and at Weald, Sevenoaks, Kent, for instance, where the use of Spillers' foods is guaranteed. Details can always be had from the Free Information Bureau, 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3, membership of which costs nothing, but has practical value for Dog owners.

GREAT FLIGHTS ON CASTROL

First Atlantic Flight by Aeroplane, 1919
First Atlantic Flight by Airship, 1919
First Direct Flight across S. Atlantic, 1926

First Direct Flight to Australia.
First Direct Flight Cairo to the Cape.
The Flights of Survey to India, Australia, and round Africa by Sir Alan Cobham.
Mr. Bert Hinkler's 15½-day Flight to Australia.
The World Flights of the Marquis de Pinedo.
The 35,000 Miles World Flight by Captain Costes and Lieut. Le Brix.

The Air Speed Record (318·8 m.p.h. by Commander Bernardi, March, 1928).

The Air Long Distance Record (4,860 miles from Rome to Brazil, by Capt. Ferrarin and Commander Del Prete, July, 1928).

The Air Altitude Record (11,827 metres by Sig. Donati, Dec., 1927).

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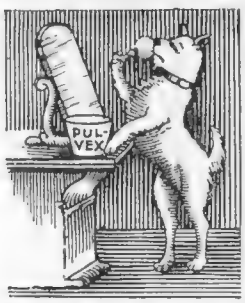

Sheer vanity? Certainly not! He's drawing attention to Pulvex Powder for dogs. If you can't wash your dog sprinkle him with Pulvex, which is odourless and non-poisonous. It contains the same powerful insecticide as Kur-Mange, so it must be good.

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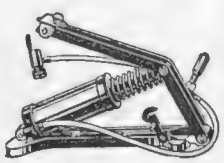

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Oh why did'nt they wean me on

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CRICKET

THE SEARCH FOR HIDDEN TALENT

By MAJOR THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON

Some people who are not versed in the affairs of county cricket might imagine that when the season is ended the members of the committee and the county secretary and captain have nothing to do until the following cricket season commences. This is a very erroneous belief, as they are in all probability searching the county for new talent to test in the opening trial matches of the coming year.

Needless to say, every village has its hero, generally a fast bowler who has several scores of intimidated victims to his credit. At the tale of these epic feats the secretary's bosom beats high, since we all know that "Hope beats eternal in the human breast." Very likely the county's fast bowler has been losing pace and accuracy during the past year or two, and it seems really imperative to find a substitute. The village hero is put through his paces before a critical audience of officials, and alas! in nineteen cases out of twenty the swan turns out to be a goose. Deprived of the assistance given him by plantains and irregularities of the village green, his deliveries on the true surface of a first-class wicket are innocuous, and after a couple of trials he is forced to return to his hamlet a wiser and sadder man!

In my own county scores of youths come up on approval every spring, full of ambition and ignorance of the vast gulf that separates local and county cricket. I do not want to discourage the young by anything I write, but, after all, it can only be few out of many who are chosen. Two years ago in my county of Hampshire we started a nursery, which, for the benefit of those who do not understand all cricket terms, means a school for young cricketers. Rob Relf, the old Sussex cricketer, is engaged as coach, and he usually has ten or twelve pupils under tuition. Each lad has at least a year's training, and if at the end of that time Relf thinks he has made no marked improvement he has to make room for someone else. Those, however, who profit by Relf's teaching are employed on the ground staff, get a good many matches each year for the club and ground, which gives them experience, and gradually, we hope, will work their way into the county side.

Of course, owing to the short time our "nursery" has been instituted, we have not been able yet to get the fullest results, but this system has been tried with success by so many other county committees that I feel sure it is the only possible way of getting a fresh and constant supply of young cricketers. One often hears statements made that too much coaching is apt to destroy a batsman's natural style, and make cricket stereotyped, but some proper coaching is absolutely necessary to develop the latent powers of youths who may have every aptitude for the game and no proper knowledge.

The difference between first-class and other cricket is as much psychological as anything else, and also the time factor is quite different. A batsman playing in a big game must learn to exercise restraint when necessary, also to try to eliminate all weaknesses from his game, otherwise a county bowler will assuredly discover them at once, and get the young batsman's wicket. If batsmanship requires methodical and intelligent training, still more does a boy who wishes to become a regular county bowler require to practise his art. He must be able to bowl for long spells at a time without fatigue, and to achieve this all slipshod or clumsy methods of running to the wicket, or delivering the ball must be avoided. Any deviation from the mechanical will prove tiring in a long day's cricket.

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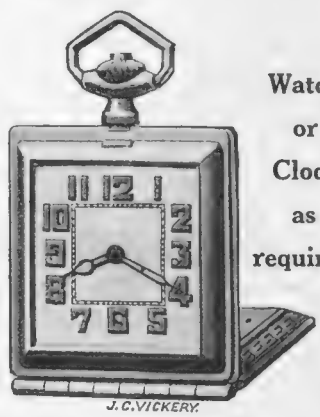

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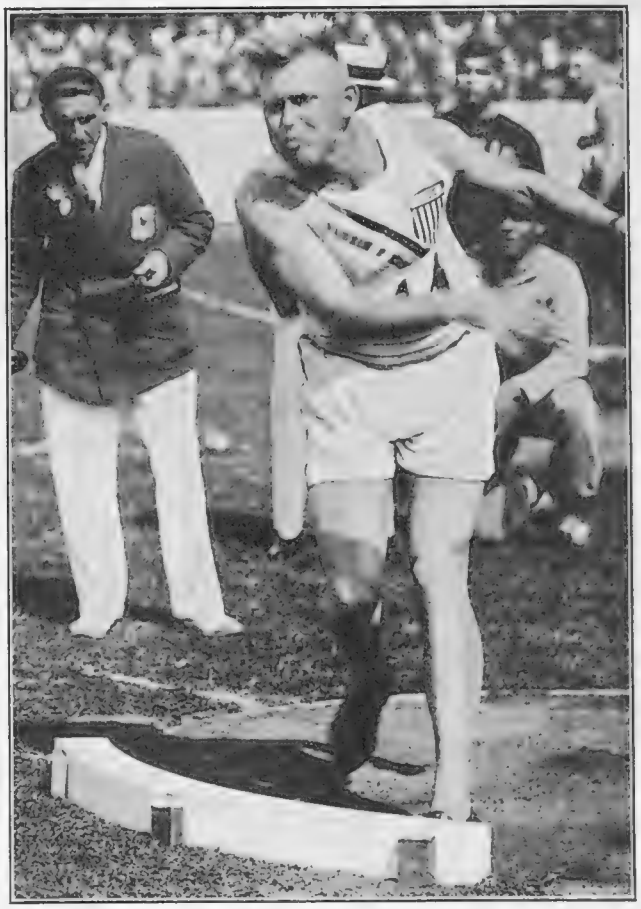


JOHN KUCK (U.S.A.), WHO PUT THE SHOT 52 FT. $\frac{1}{16}$ IN., CREATING A WORLD'S RECORD

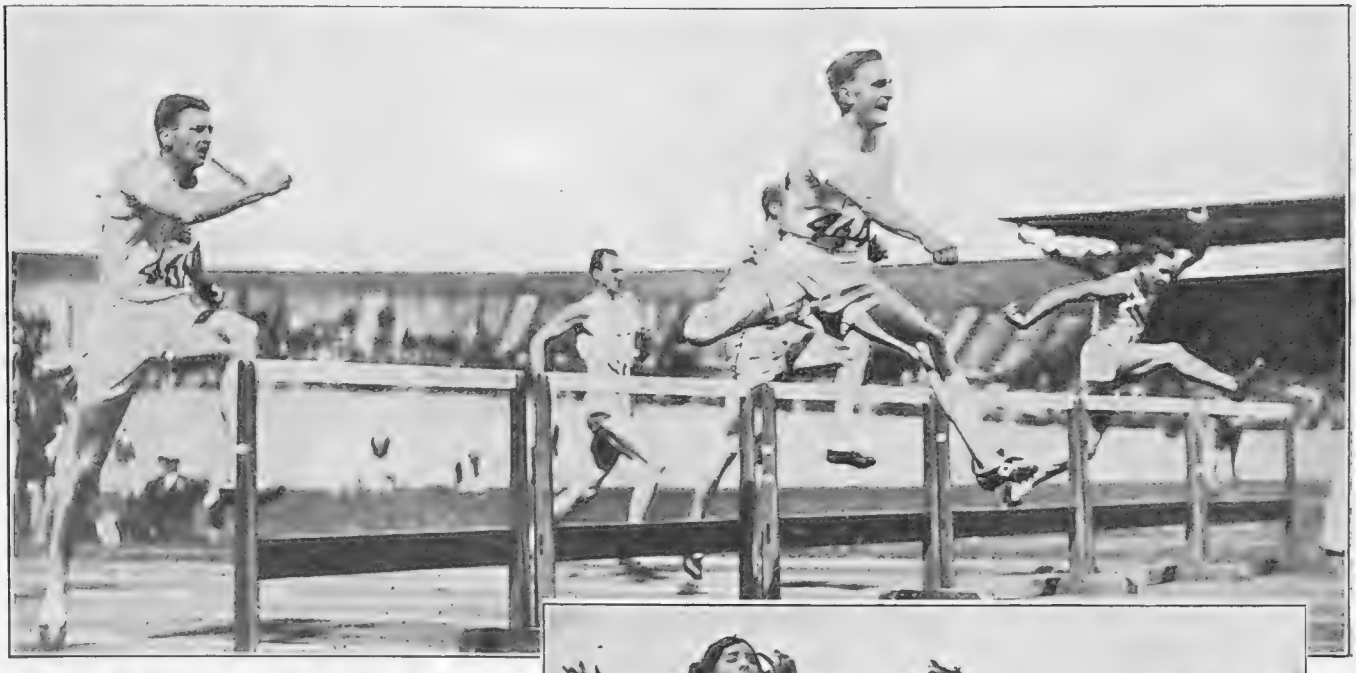
Photographs

P. O'CALLAGHAN (IRELAND), WINNER OF THROWING THE HAMMER

Central News

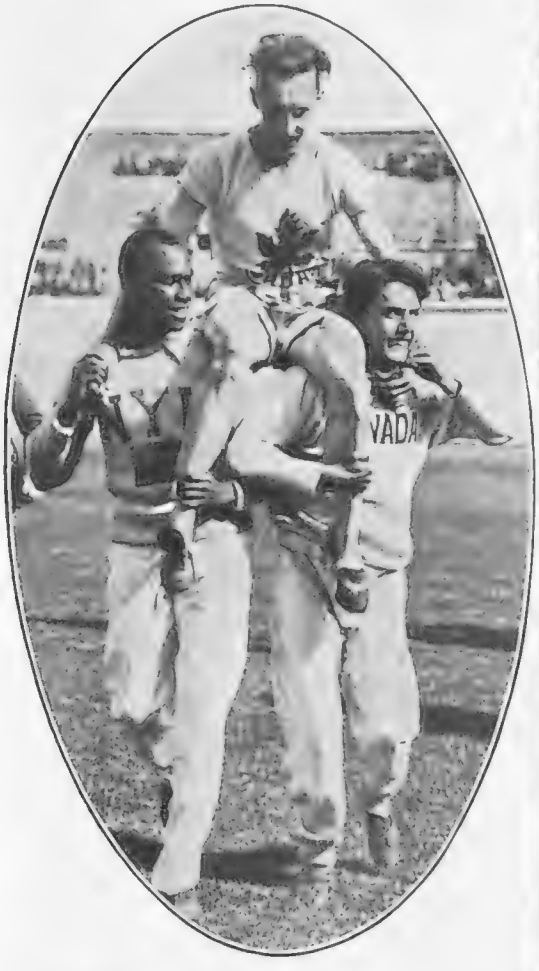
RUNNERS IN THE SEMI-FINAL OF THE 800 METRES. D. G. A. LOWE, WHO WON THE FINAL FOR THE SECOND TIME IN SUCCESSION, IS SEEN THIRD FROM THE RIGHT

Athletics: Winners at the Olympic Games



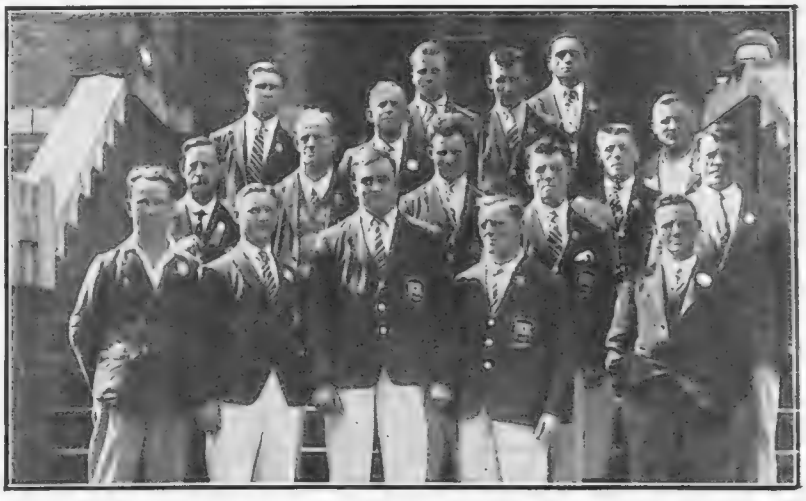
LORD BURGHLEY WINNING THE 400 METRES HURDLES

MISS M. COOK (CANADA), MISS WILSON (NEW ZEALAND), AND MISS HORST (HOLLAND) IN HEAT 8 OF THE WOMEN'S 100 METRES



Photographs

P. WILLIAMS (CANADA), CHAIRED AFTER WINNING THE 100 METRES



Central News and Sport and General

THE BRITISH OLYMPIC WRESTLING TEAM PHOTOGRAPHED AT AMSTERDAM

A PRIZE WINNER

A beautifully designed Rolls-Royce at Baden-Baden. It won the first prize in the Concours d'Elegance held recently at this famous Continental resort

MOTOR NOTES

By E. M. WRIGHT

IT was a very unusual achievement to turn over from the production of a comparatively small and cheap four-cylinder to an altogether larger and more efficient car at a much higher price. Yet that is what the Lagonda Company, of Staines, succeeded in doing when, some three years ago, they introduced their 14-60 h.p. four-cylinder car. This is of exceedingly efficient design, as is indicated by the fact that although the R.A.C. rating is 12.9 the horse power developed is 60. Two overhead camshafts are fitted, and the valves are in each "shoulder," so to speak, of the hemispherical head, while the sparking plug is in the centre. Magneto ignition of the usual type and single carburetter are fitted. As is fairly widely known nowadays, the standard model of this very attractive car is no sluggard. The Speed Model differs from the standard in that the compression ratio is slightly higher, and a close-ratio gear box is fitted with ratios of 4.2, 5.2, 8.2, and 13.2 to 1.

As may well be imagined, it is all that its name implies. On top gear over 80 m.p.h. is guaranteed, and even a trial on public roads such as I had was sufficient to indicate that, without much time to work up to it, the car very soon approaches that speed. On third the guaranteed speed is 70! Imagine the acceleration that this gives. Yet at the other end of the scale the Lagonda is just as pleasant to drive, for extreme flexibility is one of its many outstanding features. Apart from some misfiring, I had no trouble during my trial, and found it as easy to handle as the most docile of touring models. The price is £675 for the speed model and £650 for the semi-sports, both open four-seaters; saloons are, of course, available on both chassis. Considering the amazing performance, I am tempted to close with that hackneyed question—Why Pay More? For, truth to tell, this Lagonda will convey you as fast as you can possibly travel on public roads to-day. In a word, it gives the performance of a three-litre at the price of a two.

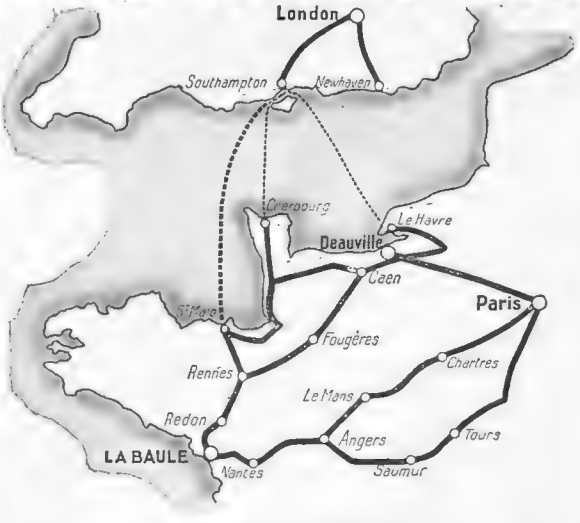
***

THE proprietors of the well-known Speedolene oils have published a very interesting little booklet called "The Speedolene Motorists' Guide." The contents include driving hints, description of the "innards" of the car, and several sections on lubrication, including a page of where *not* to oil. This novel guide is priced at 1s. net, but I am informed that it will be supplied free to readers who mention THE BYSTANDER. The firm is Silvertown Lubricants, Ltd., Minoca Wharf, E.16.

***

THE White Star Line has opened at its offices in Cockspur Street, S.W.1, a new department to furnish full information with regard to seasonal sports in England and Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent. Thus Americans and other intending tourists from overseas can obtain in advance full particulars of any activities they may be interested in.

LA BAULE (Brittany.)



From LONDON,
WATERLOO–SOUTHAMPTON to ST. MALO.

ST. MALO, LA BAULE via RENNES, REDON, LA ROCHE-BERNARD, GUERANDE, LA BAULE.

From ST. MALO to LA BAULE, 70 miles. Excellent automobile road.

PARIS (Quai d'Orsay)—LA BAULE. Four Express trains a day, including 1 Pullman and 1 Sleeping-car. Very good automobile road, through Chartres, Le Mans, Angers, Nantes, La Baule.

DEAUVILLE—LA BAULE, automobile road 300 km by way of CAEN, RENNES, REDON, LA ROCHE-BERNARD, GUERANDE, LA BAULE.

SEASON—APRIL to OCTOBER.

THE SUNNY BEACH. WONDERFUL CLIMATE. Delightful in Spring and Autumn.

HERMITAGE HOTEL. 300 rooms with bath and telephone. De Luxe.

3,000 Villas. Tennis, 75 courts Yachting. Golf, 18 holes.

GREAT TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

From July 15—19. Matches for professionals.

Tournament of the Club from August 13—19. Championship and Handicaps. Cup Challenges.

International Tournament from September 10—16. Championship and Handicaps. Cups. Challenges.

For all information apply to Mr. A. L. BREAUD, General Secretary of the Tennis Club, LA BAULE (Loire-Inférieure).

Another park incident!

Read this letter!

CONTINENTAL AUTO TOURING DE LUXE

CONTROLLED & OWNED BY ENGLISH TRADING & DEVELOPMENT CO. LIMITED

EMPIRE HOUSE.
175, PICCADILLY,
LONDON, W.1 2nd July, 1928

ACA/PH

Triplex Safety Glass Co., Ltd.,
Safety Glass Manufacturers,
1 Albermarle Street,
W. 1.

Dear Sirs,

On Saturday last, while proceeding through the Park on my way home, I saw an incident which may or may not have been reported to you, but it is a splendid advertisement for your glass. A Ford Car, No. K.P. 405 was going towards town when a wild duck, flying across from the lake, struck the windscreen of the car with such force that the screen was bent inwards and cracked in thousands of pieces, but only a very few of the pieces had broken loose. The force of the impact was so great that the duck was lying dead on the footboard.

The driver, though receiving a great shock, was able to pull up without doing any damage or coming to any harm.

I very much regret that I had not a Camera, because I should have liked to have taken a photograph of the incident as it occurred.

Yours faithfully,

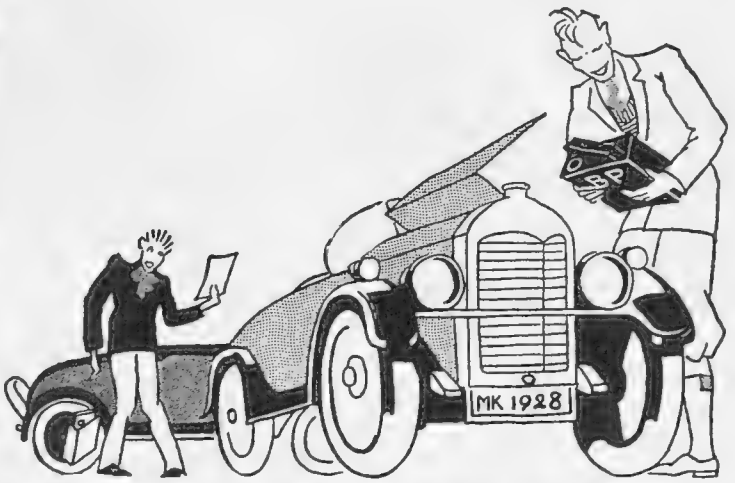
Fit "TripleX" Reg'd

Shatter-proof X XX Splinter-proof *-and be safe*

This announcement has been submitted to and approved by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.

TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS CO., LTD., 1, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.1.

"BP" Proverbs, No. 4.



"PENNY WISE— POUND FOOLISH"

BEST PETROL COSTS BUT A FRACTION MORE THAN INFERIOR SPIRIT WITH THE MODERN ECONOMICAL ENGINE BUT INFERIOR PETROL WILL COST YOU A GREAT DEAL MORE IN REPAIRS AND OVERHAULS IN THE LONG RUN

BE WISE AND USE

"BP"

AND GET A GOOD RUN FOR YOUR MONEY

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD
British Petroleum Co. Ltd., Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2
Distributing Organization

BY "THE TOUT"

FROM THE RACING "WHO'S WHO"

D. Pickering, who succeeded his late father, Sam Pickering, at Kentford House, Newmarket, trains for Lord Ellesmere, Lord Lonsdale, Lord Dewar and others. Lord Londesborough is a very regular follower of racing, being in fact an "all-the-year-rounder." He owns that well-known horse Dudley, which carries Mr. Harry Brown round the country in the winter. Brigadier-General Kennedy is the manager for Mr. Boyd-Rochfort's very successful stable

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

At Goodwood

STEWARDS' Cup Day at Goodwood was a complete success from every standpoint, though I suppose the brothers Joel, who each had some supposed "good things" beaten during the afternoon, were not altogether satisfied with the results. Priory Park has acquired so tall a reputation that the majority of people took a short price about him for the big handicap, but they did not get much of a run for their money. It was an off day for this horse, and we looked in vain for that electrifying dash we had seen him produce earlier in the season at Epsom and Ascot. Still, it was by no means a bookmakers' race, as the winner, Navigator, was strongly fancied, and the fact that he was so favourably drawn caused him to wind up second favourite. What is more, the second, Endowment, was the popular choice for each-way bets. The locals were badly disappointed by Chichester Cross, who gave one the impression of being merely a five-furlong horse. It was a bold policy in a handicap of this character to put up 4 lb. overweight on Navigator, but Gordon Richards is well worth it. Lord Glanely is having the best year on the Turf he has enjoyed since Grand Parade's time, and his procedure in appointing Capt. Tommy Hogg to manage his horses, and thus getting a claim on Richards, has completely justified itself. Next year, as you know, Hogg goes to Newmarket to take over the training of all his horses.

A Flying Filly

ALTHOUGH there were several well-backed winners, Goodwood did not open well for the actual favourites, of whom only one got home on the first day. That was Tiffin, who did not have very much to do, but did it in a style which gained her plenty of new admirers. An interesting question now is whether Tiffin or Arabella is the better filly. My own opinion is in favour of the latter, but I do not see any race in which they can come together this season, so we shall have to wait until the One Thousand before the point can be properly settled. One race in which a great many backers went wrong was the Richmond Stakes, in which the money was piled on the Nectarinia colt. "Atty" Persse has so many smart two-year-olds in his stable that it was imagined that this one had been highly tried, but he performed woefully short of expectations. I thought Carslake rode a remarkably fine race when narrowly winning on the Reef colt. Micky Beary, too, showed fine judgment when scoring on Parwiz over a course which is probably rather longer than that colt cares to travel. The laughable feature of the day was Fred Darling chasing The Wheedler up the course with an umbrella, which he kept opening and shutting in order to induce that obstreperous colt to get a move on.

Apelle's Future

I AM glad to know that Apelle is to remain in the country. The limited liability company which has just purchased him will not regret its enterprise, for he is one of the best horses we have seen on the Turf for a long time, and as a son of the great French sire Sardanapale he will bring valuable blood to the British stud. His presence at Littleton will add to the activities of that flourishing stud farm, of which the founder and sole owner is Mr. Gerald Deane. He was one of those mainly responsible for the purchase of Apelle. What a worker he is! A partner in Messrs. Tattersall's, the manager of Lord Astor's racehorses, a part owner of the Manton training stable, and the proprietor of the Littleton Stud—certainly he is one of the busiest racing men of the day; yet he always seems to be seeking new spheres of activity.

Tragedy

I WOULD like to express a word of sympathy with the members of the family of the late Hon. Gilbert Greenall, who bore a name which is widely known in sport and agriculture. The motoring accident which caused his death has cut short a career that was full of promise. Young Greenall was very fond of racing, and one often saw him at the chief meetings in the company of the Beckhampton trainer, Fred Darling, who was one of his warmest friends. A fine rider to hounds, probably in due course he would have become an M.F.H., like his father before him.

A Good Price

THE only selection I made for the recent meeting at Aintree came up at 10 to 1. Why Playboy should have been allowed to start at that price for the Liverpool Cup I cannot understand, for he was distinctly well handicapped on his best form. Mr. Jack Joel had a run of luck at Aintree. He is fully entitled to it, for he races on a big scale and on the best lines. What is more, things have been decidedly quiet at Foxhill for several seasons. There are sure to be the usual vast holiday crowds at Brighton this week. The big event is the Brighton Cup on Wednesday, for which Walter Nightingall holds a strong hand. My selection is **Regalo**, and I shall save on Uncle Woody if he is saddled. **Busy Sue** may will the Brighton Handicap on Thursday.

So easy to open now–

For your greater convenience–now fitted with the easy opening cap

no corkscrew

–just lift the little lever

DEWAR'S
WHISKY

Bathing and the Sea Breeze

DO you pay for your bathe and sun-bath with a sore and burning skin? Then, however delightful the play of warm sunlight and cool breeze on limbs, neck and face, you pay too dearly. You need have no fear of the consequences if you smooth on a little *Pond's Vanishing Cream* before exposure. This greaseless cream vanishes at once, forming a protective film just beneath the surface, giving the skin a beautiful appearance and making a lasting base for powder.

For soothing and cleansing the skin, apply *Pond's Cold Cream.* Its pure oils sink deep into the pores and under-tissues, cleansing and refreshing. All impurities can then be easily removed. Used before retiring at night and two or three times during the day, it will keep your skin firm and supple, your complexion clear and fresh.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN"

Pond's Vanishing & Cold Creams

From all Chemists and Stores in handsome opal jars 1/3 and 2/6. In tubes 6d (for handbag) and 1/-. Pond's Cold Cream also in extra large jars 5/-, and in extra large tubes 2/6.

TRIAL SAMPLES

Pond's Extract Co., Dept 21, 103, St. John Street, E.C.1, will send for 2d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of both creams

A comfortable punt, the murmur of rippling water, and a cooling drink of sparkling Ross's Ginger Ale—what more could one want?

Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Heat Waves—and Complexions

It is during the halcyon days of summer, when the brilliant rays of the sun at one and the same time mercilessly show up the texture of the skin and do their best to coarsen and redden it, that particular care must be bestowed upon the complexion. Just when conditions are most trying—for a great heat is not beautifying—the skin is subjected to long spells of exposure, and if one is fully to enjoy the pleasures of an out-door life its health must be carefully studied.

Just a little care and the sun may be enjoyed without any harm coming to the complexion, for Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream will always keep it radiantly fresh

The Beauty of Health

For those people who have to remain in town the matter is even more urgent, for warmth causes the pores to open, and into them sink the impurities with which the air is so heavily laden. It is therefore very obvious that the most essential thing of all is a cleansing cream which will penetrate beneath the surface of the skin and gently expel the dirt which is embedded there. Pond's Cold Cream is excellent for this purpose. It should be massaged into the skin at night, and any superfluous matter removed. After a day spent in the open it will almost miraculously revive the skin, making it fresh and banishing all sense of fatigue. Then, always before powdering, just a soupçon of Pond's Vanishing Cream should be applied, for this protects the skin from dust and all inclemencies. In addition to which, it is an ideal base for powder, causing it to adhere finely and evenly, and to remain undisturbed for an amazingly long time.

Scents—and Memories

Scents are fascinating. To all who go abroad for long periods there comes at times a hunger for the perfumes of an English garden—roses, stocks, honeysuckle—and most of all, more poignant than any, lavender, masses of it, throwing out its exquisite fragrance, more fresh than anything else in the world. Yardley's Old English Lavender has imprisoned all the vital qualities of this flower. That is why it is liked and used by so many people of discrimination, for they value its delicate aroma. It is sold practically everywhere in 3s. bottles.

To Keep Cool and Fit

The problem of how best to attain coolness and to keep oneself feeling splendidly well during a heat wave is one that people endeavour to solve in divers ways. Doctors tell us that we must drink as much as possible, and it is therefore well to remember that there is nothing more delicious or more refreshing than Ross's Ginger Ale, which immediately engenders a sense of well-being, no matter how fatigued one may be. For those who prefer it there is Ross's Indian Tonic, which contains quinine, and is a wonderfully beneficial tonic water. It is often considered that these drinks are even more delicious if ice is added to them, for it increases their effervescence.

Lavender is refreshing. The fragrance of whole beds of it is imprisoned in every bottle of Yardley's Old English Lavender

Sketches by Booda

The jumper of embossed Marquisite, which is tucked into the neatly belted skirt, is the feature of this marled stockinette suit from Jenners

The Arrival of Tweeds

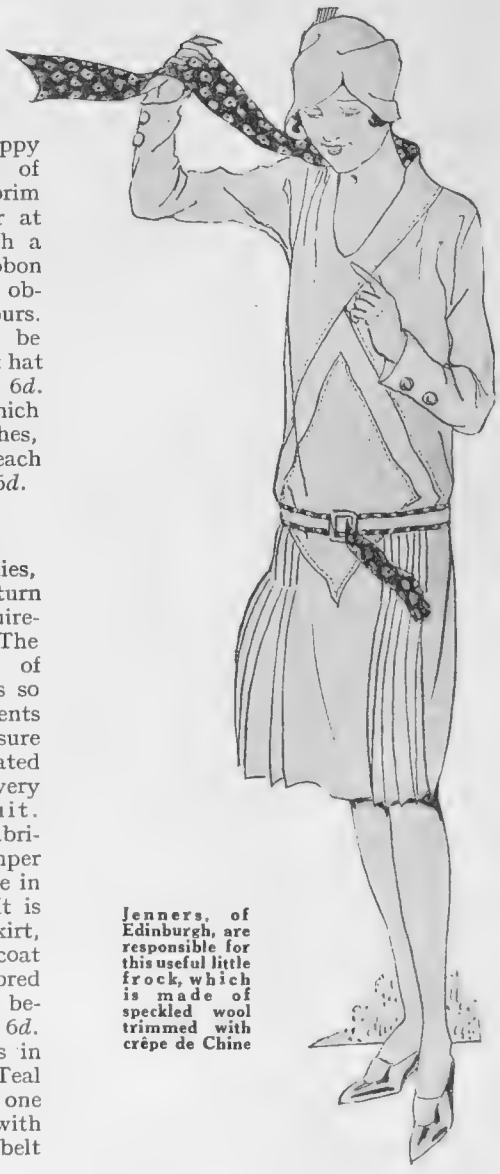
EARLY autumn suits and tweeds for the moors are now making their appearance, and it is safe to say that they are more attractive than ever. Bordered tweeds have in no way been relegated to a back place, for they are seen a great deal, especially for long coats. A charming idea which is likely to prove very popular is a two-piece ensemble consisting of a long coat of bordered tweed, fur-trimmed or plain, worn over a dress of artificial silk, the skirt part of which is of artificial silk that looks exactly like tweed! Another wrap was of tweed with a very deep light-coloured border, over which, from the hem, organ pipe appliques of tweed were placed, with excellent effect.

Hats for the Moors

SURELY all women must affectionately greet the little soft pull-ons which herald the approach of moorland holidays and quiet days spent in the country. Jenners, of Princes Street, Edinburgh, have some delightful models. Every year this firm makes a speciality of a 16*s.* 6*d.* hat, and this season their choice is a particularly happy one. Of antelope felt it is of the new cloche shape, the brim of which is cut slightly wider at the sides. It is trimmed with a band and bow of Petersham ribbon in a darker tone, and may be obtained in a large range of colours. Rough-haired felts promise to be very popular, and a light-weight hat of this description costs 25*s.* 6*d.* Soft velour fashions others which are priced at 35*s.*, while felt cloches, inlaid in various tones of each colour, are obtainable for 39*s.* 6*d.*

Distinctive Country Clothes

SCOTLAND is the home of woollies, and so it is there that we turn when contemplating the acquirement of country clothes. The reputation which Jenners, of Edinburgh, have built up is so well known that any garments which come from them are sure to be full of interest. Illustrated on the left of this page is a very becoming three-piece suit. Marled stockinette is the fabricating medium, the jumper being of embossed Marquisite in a two-tone spot design. It is tucked into the neatly belted skirt, and is slightly bloused. The coat has tie ends in front, and tailored effect revers. Of it one may become the possessor for £13 7*s.* 6*d.* On the right is a useful dress in fine speckled wool in the new Teal shade. A scarf springs from one side of the corsage and is lined with patterned *crêpe de Chine*, the belt being edged with the same fabric. The price is £8 18*s.* 6*d.*



Jenners, of Edinburgh, are responsible for this useful little frock, which is made of speckled wool trimmed with crêpe de Chine

Ubiquitous Jumper Suits

"WOOLIES" are occasionally something of a problem to those women who are not quite so slender as once they were. Sketched at the foot of this page is a jumper suit from Jenners which would be ideal for them, and it costs only £6 16*s.* 6*d.* The coat-like jumper is of silk and wool in a shell pattern of two-tone shades in beige and sapphire. It is faced with plain sapphire-coloured stockinette, of which material the practical skirt is composed.

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Ideal for all figures is this jumper suit from Jenners. The becoming jumper in beige and sapphire is faced with the plain sapphire stockinette which makes the skirt

Toilet Table Talks for Smart Women

By MIMOSA

A complexion that appears clear, fresh, and natural is as necessary to the smart woman as a modish gown. More attention should be given to keeping the skin "fit" than to the details of dress. The face, constantly exposed to wind, dust, fatigue, and strain, requires regular and watchful care. One great cause of complexion troubles is the frequent use of greasy, inactive preparations which clog the pores and prevent the natural throwing off of waste matter. My repeated advice is to avoid made-up cosmetics and to use only pure ingredients. The various aids to beauty which I recommend are simple, and, if not already at hand, can be procured from any reliable chemist. If he has not what you require he can easily obtain it for you from his wholesaler. Only let me advise you to insist on having the original ingredients and not to accept some made-up preparation instead.

"Golden Locks."—Rub a little salt water into the roots of your hair to brighten it. The best shampoo you can use is plain stallax. Get a packet and use a teaspoonful to a cup of hot water for each shampoo. It makes the hair soft and fluffy, and imparts some of its own delightful fresh fragrance. Do not shampoo with soap.

"Face Bleach."—The skin is constantly being renewed by nature, and unless the deadened outer coating is thrown off naturally the complexion becomes old and muddy. Instead of face bleach use pure Mercolized Wax for a few nights as you would a face cream. It will absorb all the dead tissue and you will have a natural complexion that will bear the closest scrutiny. Usually one ounce is sufficient.

"Fashionable Figure."—Clynol Berries not only eliminate fat from the body, but also correct the tendency, which is usually constitutional, to create fatty matter. Get a few from your Chemist and take as directed.

"Electrolysis."—I do not advise it. Caustic depilatories are always risky to use on the face, as they frequently cause irritation and sometimes permanent disfigurement. Sipolite cannot injure the most sensitive skin, being specially suitable for removing hairy growths from the face. Get about half an ounce from the chemist and mix a little into a paste with a few drops of water. Apply directly to the superfluous hair, which will quickly shrivel up, fall away, and leave no trace behind.

"Bubbles."—I certainly believe in the use of soap and water, providing the soap is a good one. The best I know is called Pilenta, an English soap without free alkali. It is beneficial to the texture of the skin, never leaving it parched and shiny.

"Fading Hair."—Tammalite is the most satisfactory drug to restore grey hair to its original colour. Two ounces of the concentrate mixed with about the same quantity of bay rum is all that you require. Non-greasy, it does not stain the scalp or pillow. Apply with a small sponge.

"To remove Blackheads."—Dissolve one effervescing stymol tablet in a glass of hot water, allow the effervescence to subside, then dip a small sponge into the liquid and mop over the face. Allow it to remain on for a few minutes, then wipe off with a towel, and the blackheads will be entirely removed. To prevent them from reappearing, use a stymol tablet, in the manner described, twice a week.

"Rosy Cheeks."—You can give your cheeks a fresh, rosy tint by using a little colliandum. Apply it with your fingers, and it gives so natural a tint that its use cannot be detected. It is harmless and much to be preferred to rouge.

One Cigarette Too Many

One cigarette beyond the limit and your throat begins to assert itself—goes hot and dry and irritates. Now is the time "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles prove such a boon. In a pleasant, soothing manner they remove all irritation and your throat again becomes normal.

Try them. They are Delicious.

Your Chemist stocks them.

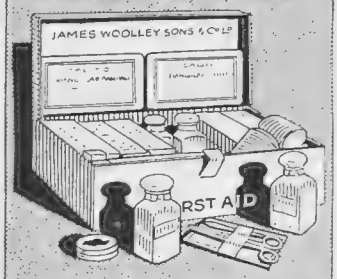
Packed in distinctive tin boxes containing:

2 oz. - 8d.
4 oz. - 1/3
8 oz. - 2/3
1 lb. - 4/3

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Allen & Hanburys Ltd.,
37 Lombard Street, London, E.C. 3

FIRST AID



MOTORISTS CASE
ONE GUINEA
WRITE FOR OUR CATALOGUE OF FIRST AID OUTFITS

THE WOOLLEY
CARTON OF STERILE DRESSINGS containing
A FINGER DRESSING
A HAND OR FOOT DRESSING
8D. POST FREE
8D. POST FREE

DRESSING for LARGER WOUNDS
ADHESIVE PLASTER

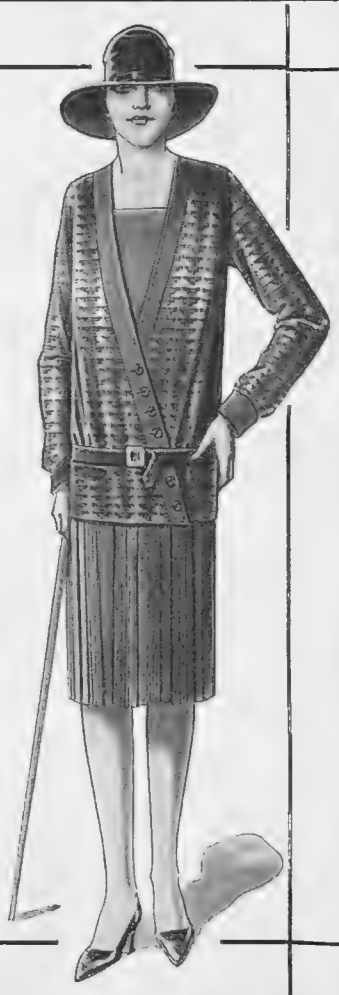
JAMES WOOLLEY SONS & Co. Ltd.
76, DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.

AN EXCLUSIVE KNITTED SUIT
DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR MATRONS' WEAR

MATRON'S JUMPER SUIT (*as sketch*) in wool jacquard, with facings and skirt in stockinette, specially designed for Marshall & Snelgrove in outsize fitting.

PRICE
£5 : 19 : 6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1



FERNDEN
GREEN HARD COURTS
(Patented)

THE BRITISH HARD COURT CHAMPIONSHIPS 1927 - 1928 WERE PLAYED EXCLUSIVELY ON
FERNDEN
COURTS AT BOURNEMOUTH.

The reputation of the Fernden Green Court is now firmly established. The records of sales and orders in hand are proof of this between **150 and 200** FERNDEN COURTS being on order at the present time. The Company claims to have put down more green hard courts than **all other makers combined.** Fernden Courts have replaced many of the red rubble type. These facts should influence customers in choosing the Fernden Court.

AS LAID FOR
H.M. The King at Windsor Castle
AND
All England L.T.C. Ranelagh Club, Queens Club, etc., etc.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS TO
Fernden Tennis Court Co. Ltd.
1, Albemarle Street, London, W.1.
Branch Office:
78, KING STREET, MANCHESTER.

An Important Household Saving

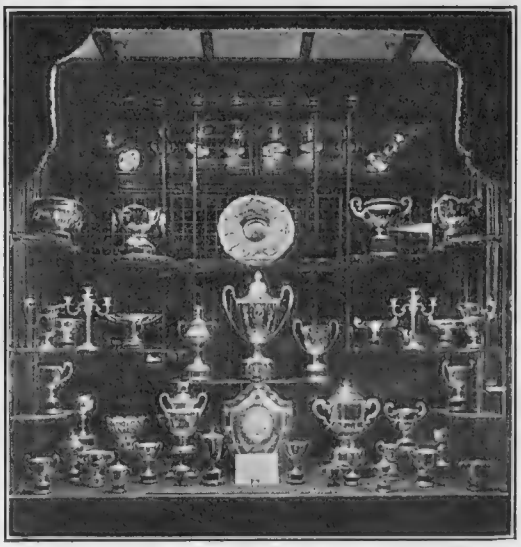
A noteworthy instance has just occurred showing how the cost of a household article can be brought down by its production reaching a world-wide scale. When the well-known skin-healing preparation Zam-Buk was discovered twenty-eight years ago it was produced at a great cost on a small scale. As the sale grew, judicious advertising was used to make its properties known in other countries. As a result, laboratories for the production of Zam-Buk were created in every Continent, and the original high cost was gradually brought down until to-day the proprietors are able to give 50 per cent. more Zam-Buk for the same money. High quality and reduced cost are very definite advantages resulting from world-wide production. It is claimed that Zam-Buk is easily the most universally adopted healing preparation. Its uses are told in forty different languages.

WELCOMING ROYALTY

A photograph of the welcome accorded to Their Majesties the King and Queen at Nottingham by the employees at Messrs. John Player and Sons' tobacco factory. This was on the occasion of Their Majesties' visit to the Nottingham Agricultural Show

"Successful Advertising"

Even in these enlightened days there are many business men who, whilst appreciating the value of advertising, are still very much in the dark as to the full scope and subtler benefits to be derived from its application. It is, therefore, good to learn that a jubilee edition of "Successful Advertising," by Mr. Philip Smith, the head of Smith's Advertising Agency, Ltd., 100, Fleet Street, has just been issued. Its chief purpose is to inspire those who are not yet advertisers with an intelligent understanding of modern advertising, and a true appreciation of its value. A careful study of the pages of this book has proved conclusively that its object has been abundantly fulfilled. It is as complete a work on all forms of advertising as we have ever seen, and the clarity with which the author treats his subject makes it equally interesting to the expert and the novice. An excellent book.



WORTH WINNING!

A particularly fine collection of gold and silver sports trophies on display in the window of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co.'s premises at 112, Regent Street, W.1. These were awarded as prizes at the recent Imber Court Horse Show and Mounted Metropolitan Police Sports

Fighting Cancer

The Cancer Hospital (Free) in the Fulham Road, S.W.3, is in need of financial support. Its doors are open to the necessitous poor, for whose admission no Governors' Letters are needed and no payments are required. It is now proposed to provide a certain number of beds for middle-class patients, but £150,000 are urgently needed. Those who would help this deserving cause should send their donations to the Secretary at the above address.

EASTBOURNE.
QUEEN'S HOTEL
Facing South and directly overlooking the sea.
200 Rooms, including many
BATHROOM-BEDROOMS and SUITES
Fully licensed — excellent cooking — week-end dancing.
Moderate Charges. Inclusive or a la carte.
GARAGE ACCOMMODATION FOR 70 CARS.

Addis ESTB 1780
WINGED DENTAL PLATE BRUSH
The Best Brush for Dental Plates
is the one specially made for the job. Nothing else cleans your plate so well or so easily. It is worth while if only for the extra wear you get out of your toothbrush.
PRICE 2/6 EACH
FROM Boots AND OTHER HIGH CLASS CHEMISTS
MADE IN ENGLAND BY ADDIS HERTFORD

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Disorders of the stomach are definitely corrected by a course of Kutnow's Powder. This medicinal saline possesses the identical remedial properties of the natural Springs of the most famous European Spas but without their unpalatable taste.
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Roast Grouse

MIX half an ounce of butter, a little pepper and salt, and a few drops of lemon juice, and place this inside each bird. Grouse should be wiped both inside and out with a damp cloth, but never washed. One or two vine leaves, and a slice of fat bacon, should be wrapped over the breast of the bird. Baste frequently. The average time for cooking is from 25 to 35 minutes. Good gravy as well as fried breadcrumbs and bread-sauce are served with roast grouse.

Salmi of Grouse

The birds should be par-roasted, then cut up into neat joints, and the carcass used for stock. Fry six small onions and 2 oz. of raw ham or bacon in butter. When the onions are of a pale brown put in the pieces of grouse and fry them a little, then pour off the fat. Next add three-quarters of a pint of stock, one gill of brown sauce, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, a dessertspoonful of red currant jelly, and a glass of claret. The grouse should simmer gently for about half an hour, stir and skim occasionally. Dish up the grouse in a silver *entrée* dish, piling up the pieces rather high, reduce the sauce a little and strain over the grouse. Garnish the dish with fried *croûtons*, and serve hot.

A Spatchcock of Grouse

Pluck, draw, and singe the bird, split it down the back and cut through the bone. Flatten it, season with salt and pepper, and brush over the inside with sweet oil, sprinkle over with finely chopped shallots, parsley, and dredge with a little flour. Skewer the bird into a flat shape. brush over with oiled butter, place between a well-greased gridiron, and cook from 15 to 20 minutes; turn the gridiron occasionally and baste well with oiled butter. Serve with Tartare sauce.

Soufflé of Grouse

Cut off the breasts of a brace of grouse, remove the skin, and cut the meat into small slices; then put through a mincer and rub through a wire sieve. Put this *purée* in a stewpan, and add a small wineglassful of claret, a chopped truffle, and some button mushrooms peeled and chopped. Melt 2 oz. of butter in a stewpan, stir in 1 oz. of flour, cook for a few minutes, and moisten with half a pint of milk; stir over the fire until it thickens, let it cool a little, then stir in the yolks of three eggs. Now mix with it the grouse *purée* and, lastly, the stiffly whisked whites of the three eggs. Bake or steam in a buttered soufflé tin, and pour in the mixture. Bake or steam for about 40 minutes. Turn out and pour over a rich brown sauce, and serve quickly.

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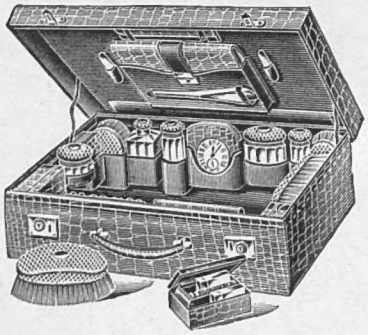

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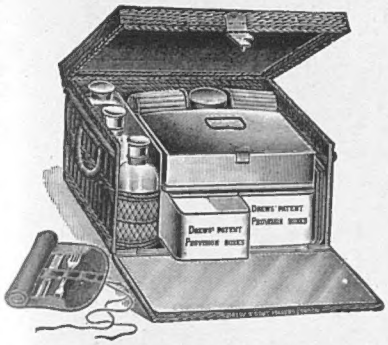

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